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To Readers and Correspondents.

"A MERCHANT'S SON."—The translation of Schiller's *Diver*, by Mr. Mangan may be found in a work entitled *German Anthology*, 2 vols., published by Longman and Co.

"W. A. HANDY."—We cannot hold out any hope of procuring any publisher to purchase the copyright of a poem, especially by a poet who offers these verses for insertion here.

Jehovah himself is a maze,
A labyrinth quite undefined,
Supreme and intricate his ways,
Above all comprehension of mind.
By searching can none find him out,
He dwells in himself unrevealed,
Mysterious in all things throughout,
And in magnitude fullness concealed.
&c., &c.

"W. D. (Chepstow)."—Thanks for the proffer, but the subject is not suited to us.

"A CLERICAL READER."—We are reluctantly compelled to decline his letter. There is no limit to controversy.

CIRCULATION OF THE CRITIC.

The following letter speaks for itself:—

"To Mr. CROCKFORD, Publisher of 'The Critic,' London Literary Journal.

"DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request, we beg to state that the following are the quantities of each number of THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, for the present year 1851, which we have printed for you:

No. 234, January	1	1,450 copies.
235, January	15	2,000 "
236, February	1	1,675 "
237, February	15	2,500 "
238, March	1	2,250 "
239, March	15	2,600 "
240, April	1	3,500 "
241, April	15	4,000 "
242, May	1	3,500 "
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244, June	1	4,000 "
245, June	15	4,750 "
246, July	1	5,000 "
247, July	15	5,300 "
248, August	1	5,550 "
249, August	15	5,800 "
250, September	1	5,850 "
251, September	15	6,000 "
252, October	1	6,300 "
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"We can assure any of your Advertisers of the strict accuracy of the above statement.

"We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"COX, BROTHERS, AND WYMAN,

"Printers to the Hon. East India Company,

"74, 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields,
October 29, 1851."

THE CRITIC:
LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.DICTIONARY OF LIVING AUTHORS,
ARTISTS AND COMPOSERS.

THERE is a Clergy list, there is a Law list, there is a Medical list. Any person can ascertain in a moment the date of the call to the Bar, and the Courts in which he appears, of any Barrister in England. But there exists no means of finding what are the productions of our authors, artists, and composers, nor their whereabouts, nor anything relating to them.

We have long desired to devise some means of supplying this deficiency in our library of reference, making it also a sort of brief biographical dictionary of our contemporaries. The difficulties that have hitherto deterred us from the attempt have been to a great extent removed by the vast increase in the circulation of THE CRITIC, which, going to every part of the United Kingdom, and the Colonies, and read by the great majority of the class that comprises the Authors, Artists, and Composers, affords a medium for the accomplishment of the design such as exists nowhere besides, and which will at least permit of the substantial commencement of a work which can only be completed by degrees, in successive editions.

We purpose, therefore, to endeavour to construct a *Dictionary of Living Authors, Artists, and Composers*. The necessary particulars required of each will be, 1. The Christian and Surname in full. 2. The date and place of birth. 3. Present address. 4. A list of his or her published works, stating the title, the date of publication, and the publisher. If, in addition to this, a brief biographical outline could be forwarded, it would add much to the value and interest of the work. But we do not insist upon this. The four particulars first described will suffice.

With artists it will be necessary to limit the list to such as have exhibited in some public Exhibition of Art. There is no other test to distinguish them from mere amateurs. It should be stated in what years they exhibited and the subjects of the pictures.

As it is perfectly hopeless to collect all the necessary information before publication of any part, for until they see what is done many will perhaps decline to help us, it will be impossible to preserve alphabetical order; but that it may serve all the purposes of a book of reference, an alphabetical index of the names contained in each part will be given, and, at the close, a general alphabetical Index, so that any name sought for will be readily found.

We propose to issue it in numbers, at 6*d.*, or 7*d.* stamped for transmission by post, and as rapidly as the materials are supplied.

For this purpose, Authors, Artists, and Composers will oblige us by transmitting, as soon as possible, the particulars above named, or blank forms to be filled up by them will be sent to any person applying for them to the Publisher of *The Critic*.

REVELATIONS OF THE NEWSPAPER
PRESS.

THE Report of the Newspaper Stamp Committee, appointed by the House of Commons during the last Session, has just been issued, and it contains a document of extreme interest and value, as showing the actual progress of the entire newspaper press since the year 1837, giving in tabular form the number of stamps issued to every newspaper in the United Kingdom in every year from the introduction of the penny stamp down to the close of 1850. This is an evidence which cannot err; its appearance was quite unexpected, and therefore no preparation could have been made for it, by any Journal, by the old trick of obtaining an extra supply of stamps for the purpose of swelling the return of the year. Extended over so many years, it tells a tale which, read with curious eye, will reveal many new and deeply interesting facts as to the direction and progress of newspaper literature, where it has most thriven, where declined, and thus it will suggest an inquiry into the causes of advancement or decay.

We propose in this paper, and perhaps one or two more, to lay before the readers of THE CRITIC the results that are to be gathered from this return, stating the unanswerable facts, and drawing conclusions from them which may be very useful, and will certainly be profoundly interesting and instructive.

The first phenomenon that strikes us is the almost universal decline in the circulation of newspapers during the last three or four years. With very few exceptions indeed, all have diminished, many of them to an extent that must amount almost to annihilation.

Of the entire newspaper press of London the only papers that have increased in circulation during the last four years are *The Times*, *The Atlas*, *The Athenaeum*, *The Builder*, *Bell's Life in London*, *The Critic*, *The Evening Mail*, *The Guardian*, *The Gazette of Fashion*, *The Herald of Peace*, *The Illustrated News*, *The Lancet*, *Lloyd's Weekly News*, *The Mining Journal*, *The Morning Advertiser*, *The Nonconformist*, *The News of the World*, *The Observer*, *The Record*, *The United Service Gazette*, *The Watchman*, and *The Weekly Times*. Thus, only twenty-two newspapers, out of about three hundred that are published in London, have increased their circulation during the last four years, while most of them have, as we shall presently show, suffered an enormous decrease.

The most remarkable increase has been in the case of *The Times*, which has trebled its circulation since the date of the returns, presenting a steady advance every year. In 1838 its circulation was 3,065,000. In 1850 it was no less than 11,900,000.

A curious and instructive fact revealed by these returns is, the progress of the cheap newspapers. Of these there are three, published at 3*d.*, viz. *The News of the World*, *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, and *The Weekly Times*. All of these have had an enormous increase of circulation, their numbers being respectively as follows:

	1846.	1848.	1850.	Present Average per Week.
<i>News of the World</i>	1,878,500	2,478,955	2,920,269	56,274
<i>Lloyd's Newspaper</i>	2,063,500	1,776,577	2,559,000	49,211
<i>Weekly Times</i>	not begun	1,077,033	2,037,703	39,186

The only other newspaper besides the above which has made any extraordinary progress is *The Illustrated London News*, whose numbers were in 1846, 2,367,067, and in 1850, 3,467,007, or an average weekly circulation of 66,692.

This extraordinary progress of the cheap newspapers has been accompanied with an almost proportionate decline of others that formerly enjoyed extensive patronage. The effect of price is remarkably shown in the case of *The Daily News*. Its circulation fell, when its price was raised to 5*d.*, from 3,500,638 in 1848, to 1,375,000 in 1849, very nearly two-thirds, and there appears to be no tending to improvement, but, on the contrary, the decline still proceeds. In 1850 it had fallen to 1,152,000, its daily average last year being only 3,680.

Of the Daily Newspapers, all have declined except *The Times*, nor has this been sudden, but

steadily continuous and is still proceeding. It has been most marked in the case of *The Morning Chronicle* which has been reduced from 2,750,000 in 1838 to 912,547 in 1850, and this in spite of all its spirited efforts and the expenses of its articles On Labour and the Poor. *The Morning Herald*, also, has enormously fallen off, its circulation in 1838 having been 1,925,000, which in 1850 was reduced to 1,139,000.

The Standard is even in a still more consumptive condition. Its circulation, which in 1837 was 1,330,000, was in 1850 reduced to 492,000, being an average of only 1,575 per day!

The Morning Post maintains its position with little loss, and so does *The Sun*. The following table shows the average daily circulation of each of the London daily papers in 1850, and the amount of their increase or decline since the year 1838.

	Daily Circulation in 1850.	Increase since 1838.	Decrease since 1838.
<i>Times</i>	38,019	8,835,000	
<i>Morning Advertiser</i> ..	4,951	..	17,382
<i>Daily News</i>	3,680	decrease since 1846	2,368,500
<i>Morning Post</i> ..	2,645	..	47,000
<i>Morning Herald</i> ..	3,638	..	787,000
<i>Morning Chronicle</i> ..	2,915	..	1,848,453
<i>Sun</i>	2,666	..	509,500
<i>Globe</i>	1,869	..	335,000
<i>Standard</i>	1,571	..	583,000

Hence we learn these singular facts; first, that there has been an increase of 4,717,616 in the total annual circulation of the daily papers since the reduction of the stamp duty, and that *The Times* has not only secured the whole of that increase, but has taken from the other papers no less than 4,127,335 of their former circulation!

If examined with reference to their politics, some interesting results appear, for which we were certainly quite unprepared, and politicians might, perhaps, profit by the facts disclosed, inasmuch as the politics of the newspaper are usually the politics of its readers. We are at present surveying only the daily papers, which are patronized by a higher class of the community, and which are, therefore, a tolerably fair index of the tendency of opinion among them. The facts are as follow:

The increase has been exclusively among the moderate Liberal papers.

Most of the Radical papers have declined considerably.

All the Conservative papers have enormously diminished.

The increase in the circulation of *The Times* has been just one-third the decrease in that of all the other daily papers together, thus verifying its boast, that it is the representative of public opinion in England.

Lastly, the fact forces itself upon notice, however accounted for, whether from the poverty of their agricultural patrons, or from change of opinion, we know not, but so it is, that all the papers advocating Protection, without a single exception have suffered a grievous and progressive decline in circulation, and this is equally shown in the weekly as in the daily press. Thus, since its persistence in advocacy of Protection *The Morning Herald* has fallen from 2,018,026 in 1845, to 1,139,000 in 1850; *The Standard* from 846,000, in the same year, to 492,000 in 1850; *The Britannia* from 257,000 to 163,000; *The John Bull* from 132,000 to 110,000; and *Bell's Weekly Messenger* from 735,000 to 703,500.

Another interesting fact is, that almost all the Religious Papers have either increased or maintained their ground, while their political contemporaries have been declining, proving the increased interest taken by the community in matters connected with religion. In future papers we shall review the progress of the weekly and provincial press.

BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.

[FOURTH ARTICLE.]

THE barge containing SAINT-PIERRE and his fellow passengers landed at that part of the city inhabited by English merchants. One of these, Mr. THORNTON, invited SAINT-PIERRE and his companions to take tea with him. BERNARDIN thought that such prompt and spontaneous hospitality augured well for his success in Russia. But, as one after another of the company departed, and he at last found himself alone, the glad dreams which he had been dreaming gave place to the gloomiest forebodings. Feeling that if he remained longer it would be embarrassing both for himself and his host, he likewise took his departure. Strolling, without any definite purpose, along the quays, and as he gazed at the golden beams of the setting

sun on the waters, it seemed to him as if the few final rays of his hope were also dying. He gleaned some slight relief to his despondency from observing with astonished eyes the strange aspect, and the stranger costumes, of the crowds hurrying past on business or pleasure. And yet his despondency deepened when he thought that every one in that mass of human beings, however poor or wretched, had friends and relations, loved, and was loved, and would be welcomed by the glance and the grasp of affection on returning to his home. For him, alone, of all that mighty multitude, there was no joyful home and no loving heart. Few of us who have been wanderers that have not experienced the keenest pangs of that terrible loneliness. Few of us who, as evening closed in upon us on some vast prairie, or in some mountain's gorge far from the scenes of our childhood, have not longed with a great and speechless longing for the father's and mother's face we were, perhaps, never to see again, for the old familiar sights of our country, the lowing kine, the ploughboy's whistle, the shout and the laugh of children at play, the roses and the honeysuckle clustering round the peasant's cottage, and that poetry of the air which is the dearer to us the more it makes us melancholy—the sad sweet music of the village bells. While the shadow of one sombre thought was chasing another in SAINT-PIERRE'S mind, he heard his name called in a voice well known to him. Turning round, he saw a German who had made the voyage with him to St. Petersburg, and who, perceiving that he seemed to be perplexed, offered to show him the way to the only inn in the city, which was kept by French people. On arriving at the inn he learned that the Empress, round whom circulated all his schemes for the future, had just set out for Moscow to be crowned there. No news could have come more directly in the teeth of his dearest projects. He had nothing remaining in his purse but six francs—a slender foundation on which to build the fabric of a vast ambition. When his money was expended, he saw that, though credit was given him, it was most unwillingly. Compelled to live on a meagre supply of the humblest fare, he tried to get his sorrows and disappointments by grappling with the hardest problems of mathematics, so netimes passing thus whole days in his room. Succour came from a very unexpected quarter. One Sunday, when he was leaving church, a gentleman richly dressed politely accosted him. They entered into a long conversation, during the course of which, his new acquaintance manifested much interest in his situation, and much sympathy for his sufferings. He proved to be the secretary of the Marshal DE MUNICH, the governor of St. Petersburg, to whom he proposed to introduce SAINT-PIERRE. The latter was delighted with an offer which seemed to open a wide gate to the most daring of his dreams once more. The Marshal gave audiences at three o'clock in the morning, and next day SAINT-PIERRE attended at that early hour. Though the Marshal was eighty years of age, yet he was full of vigour and vivacity. He received BERNARDIN with the greatest kindness. He showed him his study filled with plans, sketches, books, all relating to military engineering. It was chiefly through his talents as an engineer that the Marshal had risen to his present eminence. Born in 1683 in the Duchy of Oldenburg, and dying in 1767 at St. Petersburg, he was one of those Germans who have entered without scruple into the military service of Russia, perfectly indifferent as to the despotism of its political designs. It was in 1701 that he became a soldier, though it was not till 1720 that he entered the Russian army. He had previously been in the pay of some of the smaller German states, then of Poland, and lastly of Sweden. In Russia he soon obtained the highest rank in his profession. Besides achieving distinction in the field, he held several important civil offices, and the organization of the Russian forces was greatly indebted to him. After a very brilliant and active career, he was in 1741 condemned by the Empress ELIZABETH to death for his connection with certain political intrigues, and all his property was declared forfeited. The sentence of death was changed into one of exile to Siberia. He was not the man to be crushed by such a punishment into a whine of pusillanimous despondency. Gathering his energies to him, and brushing his misfortunes aside, he looked round to see how he could be most useful to his adopted country. Choosing those whom he thought fittest among the soldiers appointed to guard the unfortunate beings who were experiencing the same

hard doom as his own, in the same desolate regions, he taught them mathematics and instructed them in the most improved principles of military service. Thus arose a band of skilful engineers, to whom Russia, in her subsequent wars, was exceedingly indebted. In 1762 he was recalled from exile and restored to his former dignities. The vicissitudes of such a life, whilst they sharpened the eye to discern human character, must have made the heart prompt to feel for human suffering. The Marshal seized with his quick gaze SAINT-PIERRE'S merits, and commiserated the trials he had undergone. Soon after, when BERNARDIN presented him with a specimen of his talents as an engineer, he was so pleased with it that he promised to introduce him to M. DE VILLEBOIS, who was at the head of the artillery. At the same time, he offered him a small bag filled with roubles, which BERNARDIN declined to receive, saying that engineers of the French King could accept money from none but a sovereign—words in which, with all respect for SAINT-PIERRE, we see more of fastidiousness and of false pride than of true loftiness or of a chivalrous sense of honour. The Marshal declared, in reply, that custom, in Russia, permitted a colonel and even a general to receive benefits of the kind from his hand; then he added, "perhaps you will not refuse to travel with one of my friends, General SIVERS, who is going to the court." This opportunity to take the long journey to Moscow without expense, SAINT-PIERRE gladly embraced, regarding it as an important step toward better fortune. About the same time that he was introduced to Marshal MUNICH, he formed an acquaintance with a Genevese, called DUVAL, a jeweller, who, as they grew more intimate, proved a generous friend. They had met at the inn where SAINT-PIERRE lodged, and DUVAL pitied the misfortune while he admired the courage of one in whom, though he saw much visionary vagueness, he recognised a nobleness of aim not often manifested. He did not approve of SAINT-PIERRE'S swarming projects which had so little of substantial basis to rest upon, but he knew that neither the counsels of the sage nor the remonstrances of the friend could cure ambition, and that if ambition is to be driven out of the human heart at all, which is rare, it can only be by disenchantment and disaster. Good and seasonable advice he always gave; but when his maxims or dissuasions were not attended to, he did not press them with pedantic pertinacity, and was never so ready to succour as when the disregard of his earnest warnings brought their inevitable penalty. SAINT-PIERRE'S depth of gratitude and warmth of affection to the excellent DUVAL showed themselves in various touching forms. It was to him that he addressed the letters which compose *The Voyage a l'île de France*, and, in another of his works he attributes to a supposed sage with the name of DUVAL, what he considered a great scientific discovery. DUVAL did all in his power to change SAINT-PIERRE'S resolution to go to Moscow, but not succeeding, he placed his purse at his disposal, a generosity of which BERNARDIN, who had just rejected a Marshal's favours, proffered with no haughty airs, availed himself to the extent of his needs. A short time after he set out for Moscow in company with General SIVERS. It was the month of January. The General had two carriages, one for himself and one for his adjutants. They were made as warm and comfortable as possible, but to his servant was allotted an uncovered sledge, and to BERNARDIN'S astonishment and indignation he was told that if he intended to travel at all he must take his place beside the servant. The first night the sledge upset twice. As SAINT-PIERRE had made no preparation by additional clothing for the severity of the weather, he suffered all the torments which the extremest, most merciless cold in such circumstances was fitted to inflict. The second day one of his cheeks was frozen, and but for a fur cape which his companion, more feeling than his master, lent him, he would have lost his ears. Whenever a halt was called for a meal, it was the General himself who unpacked the provisions. He distributed to each person a small piece of bread, one or two degrees less hard than his own heart, and what, if liquid instead of solid, would have been half a glass of wine. This frozen wine had to be cut with a hatchet. After having thus provided, on so scanty a scale, for his hungry followers, the General was in the habit of sitting down to table by himself, whilst his aides-de-camp and his secretary stood behind. SAINT-PIERRE thought it unbecoming his dignity to imitate them, and took his seat in the General's

presence, as if this were the most natural matter in the world. The General resented such conduct as an impertinent familiarity, and not without reason. And to retaliate by a rudeness when we are injured or insulted is the sign of a vulgar nature, though it is not always vulgar men who stoop thereto. To be angry because a successful adventurer on whom we are for the moment dependent, thrusts us among his valets, is to show somewhat of the valet's spirit. The journey, however numerous and bitter its discomforts, had still a charm of novelty and grandeur. But the peculiar features of such scenes as those which SAINT-PIERRE was now traversing, on which winter squanders all that he has of horrible and beautiful, have been so often delineated that it is not necessary to repeat the picture here. The only events in their monotonous journey were their arrival now and then at a wretched village, where nothing disturbed the silence but the clattering of their horses' hoofs, for the cocks were too cold to crow, and the dogs too cold to bark. They had now and then, in closer neighbourhood than they wished, packs of wolves whose wild howl lost its melancholy from being an additional sound where sounds were so few. POOR SAINT-PIERRE, unprotected by cloak or greatcoat from the cruel breath of the season, mournfully thought of his own smiling and fertile land—the land of the olive and the vine, which it seemed to him now such madness ever to have left. In the extremity of his distress, in the depth of his despair, he not merely contrasted the lot of the wretched peasants whose squalid cabins they hurried past with his own, but he almost envied the horses that dragged him along, whose long hair, warm as a thick fleece, guarded them from the killing touch of the winter's icy hand. Moscow was reached at last—Moscow with its Asiatic countenance and its barbaric strangeness, its glittering domes mingling with its golden spires, on the top of which flashed the crescent, and above the crescent the cross. It was a sight to startle and to enthral, but SAINT-PIERRE was not much in the mood to enjoy it, even if the night had not closed in before his arrival. He stood now at the gate of Asia, that quarter of the globe where so many mighty empires had risen and fallen; but to found the empire of which he had been dreaming from his infancy he had nothing but a crown in his pocket. The purple vastness of the visionary, however, still floated round him and made him happy. It mattered little, he thought, whether or not he could afford to pay for his supper on the eve, if he was destined to stand face to face with the Empress on the morrow. And, once in her presence, how easy it would be to inspire her with enthusiasm for his stupendous schemes! Perhaps what contributed, in some measure, to the revival of his hopes and phantasies was a new friendship which he had formed. Among those who had travelled with him from St. Petersburg, was a young officer called BARASDINE. Frank, impetuous, with a high sense of honour, prompt in commiseration, he had felt equal indignation at the baseness of the General's conduct, and pity for his victim. Sometimes by reproaches, and sometimes by remonstrances, he had endeavoured to force the General to behave in a manner more humane and becoming. But on a man at once so vain and selfish, reproaches had as little power to sting as remonstrances to persuade. The three vehicles stopped, by the General's direction, before a large inn; whereupon he coldly observed that it was time to seek lodgings, leaving each man to provide in that respect as he best could. To find lodgings in such a place, and on a dreary winter's night, was no easy matter. The travellers hired sledges, and each was conveyed whithersoever he would; BARASDINE to his uncle's, M. DE VILLENOIS, the grand-master of the artillery. SAINT-PIERRE, having also got into a sledge, ordered the driver to proceed to the hotel of M. LEMAIGNAN, the brother of the lady with whom he had lodged at St. Petersburg. It was DUVAL who had recommended M. LEMAIGNAN to him. His chagrin was great when, on arriving at the hotel, he found the landlord absent. Alone in the silence and darkness of the night, in the midst of an immense city, ignorant of the language, neither understanding nor able to make himself understood, he was perplexed to the brink of agony. He concluded, at last, that there was nothing better for him to do than to mount once more into the sledge, and to be driven back to the inn he had left, though he had no definite notion what he should do when he arrived there. The driver whipped his horses into a gallop, and SAINT-PIERRE

soon found himself at the spot whence he had so recently started. He had scarcely entered the courtyard of the inn, when the host, a German, whose rubicund visage was well-matched by his rotundity, came forward and sputtered out a long speech in a jargon interlarded with gutturals, in which he endeavoured to show that he conceived himself to be one of the most upright and honourable men in the world, a fact which BERNARDIN had never thought of questioning. He wound up his harangue by placing on the shoulders of SAINT-PIERRE a beautiful saddle which he held in his hands. Our young traveller did not see the logical connection between this act and the previous oration. He therefore took the saddle off his shoulders, not convinced that he was the right horse to put it upon, and again placed it in the hands of the German. A long and laborious attempt at explanation followed, and at last SAINT-PIERRE discerned through a cloud of strange and awkward phrases, that the saddle belonged to the young BARASDINE, and had been forgotten by him, and that the landlord had mistaken him for one of that gentleman's servants. BERNARDIN did not deceive him, deeming it no great harm to secure, through the blunder, a night's lodging without paying for it; a notion, we must say, in which there is a touch of the GIL BLAS morality. He contrived to make the German understand that, as the night was far advanced, he wished to remain in the inn till the morrow. The host immediately showed him a room heated by a large stove, and invited him to consider one of the benches or long seats which it contained as his bed. SAINT-PIERRE was too tired and too glad to have a bed at all to hesitate or to object. He therefore took the saddle for a pillow, stretched out his weary limbs, and was soon lost in sleep. At the dawn of the day, and whilst he was still sunk in the deepest and sweetest slumber, BARASDINE entered the room. He was half puzzled, half amused to find his friend reposing so soundly on the bare boards, and with the saddle for a pillow which he had come for the purpose of reclaiming. His exclamation of surprise awoke SAINT-PIERRE, whose astonishment was as great at seeing BARASDINE as that of BARASDINE was at seeing him. A night's sleep had refreshed SAINT-PIERRE and enabled him to recover his spirits. What had appeared so sombre the evening before now seemed simply comical, and it was with an overflow of humour, not in gloomy words, that he narrated his adventures since he and BARASDINE had parted. The laugh at SAINT-PIERRE's adventures put them into such an excellent mood that they resolved to spend the morning together. To begin the day well BARASDINE ordered in breakfast to which SAINT-PIERRE, though a visionary, brought a very solid appetite. After breakfast BARASDINE wanted to see SAINT-PIERRE's letters of recommendation. One of these was from Marshal MUNICH, and addressed to General DU BOSQUET. As the General was a Frenchman, and disposed to aid his countrymen, BARASDINE thought his letter should be presented at once. Repairing to the house of the General they were not much prepossessed either by his appearance or manners. His speech was blunt, his movements abrupt, his mien harsh. But by degrees a smile began to play about his lips, and then the whole face melted into the light of beautiful benevolence; and when he discovered that SAINT-PIERRE was a Frenchman all his reserve departed to give place to the liveliest interest in BERNARDIN's conversation and fate. He was so pleased with his demeanour and character that he promised to obtain for him a sub-lieutenancy in the Engineers. Five days after he received his commission. The return of M. LEMAIGNAN about the same time freed him from further embarrassment. He had been recommended to M. LEMAIGNAN by DUVAL and deeming this a sufficient guarantee of SAINT-PIERRE's honour, M. LEMAIGNAN generously advanced him the money necessary for his equipment. This was a sudden change in his fortunes, and it is not wonderful if he began to people his fancy once more with illusions which despondency and disaster had for a moment banished.

KENNETH MORENCY.

RAMBLES IN THE BY-WAYS OF LITERATURE.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from page 452.)

We will now briefly glance at some of the pecu-

liarities of that proverbially crotchety class of the human family which comprises in its ranks the authors, artists, and musicians.

ÆSCHYLUS, according to ATHENÆUS in his *Deipnosophists*, was always "half-seas over," when he composed his tragedies. We know that ALCEUS, the lyric poet, and ARISTOPHANES wrote their poems while in a state of intoxication.

MADAME DE LA SUZE; the French grammarian LEFÈVRE in the seventeenth century; and BUFFON in the eighteenth, could not work unless dressed with the greatest elegance. Nothing, not even the sword, failed in the toilet of the celebrated French naturalist.

BACON, MILTON, WARBURTON, and ALFIERI required to hear music previous to setting to work, and the learned French Divine, BOURDALOUE, invariably played an air on the violin before sitting down to compose a sermon. On the subject of BOURDALOUE's fiddle playing we find the following anecdote related:—On one occasion BOURDALOUE had to preach a sermon on some very serious topic, and had retired to his room for meditation. Being a few minutes behind the appointed time, he was sent for, when lo! the messengers found him with his fiddle in his hand scraping a lively air, to which he was dancing merrily. On observing his visitors he said, "Pardon me, brothers; but the fact is, I was so depressed in spirits by the terrible subject, that I have been striving to rouse my heart with this little foolery." It is said he never preached a more powerful sermon than the one which followed "this little foolery."

THOMSON, the author of *The Seasons*, we know passed entire days in his bed, and when some one asked him why he did not get up, he replied, "Young man, I have no motive for getting up."

The French philosopher, THOMAS, was also very fond of his bed; he would generally remain therein until noon, with the curtains closely drawn. It was during these hours that he would compose in his head the works which he wrote off-hand as soon as he got up. CASTI, the Italian poet and witty author of *Gli Animali Parlanti*, composed his pretty verses while playing at cards alone in his bed.

CORNEILLE, MALEBRANCHE, and HOBBS composed more frequently in the dark, while the French historian, MEZERAY, on the contrary, worked only by candle light, during the day as well as at night; and he never failed to escort, to the middle of the street, candle in hand, even at noon, whoever came to pay him a visit. This MEZERAY was a strange being; he was always very shabbily and even dirtily clad. One morning early he went to his coachmaker's to have a wheel put on his carriage. Whilst the men were working at it, he lounged about the door, waiting until the job should be completed, with an old woollen cap on his head, and on his feet a pair of ragged slippers. Now it so happened that a party of archers, whose special duty it was to arrest all beggars, and who were in consequence denominated, *les archers des gueux*, on going their rounds, spied out MEZERAY at the door, and taking him by his mien and dress for a beggar, ordered him to follow them. The historiographer, rather amused by the mistake, because he loved adventures, said to the alguazils very quietly: "Gentlemen, I have great difficulty in walking on foot, will you be so good as to wait for a couple of minutes; they are putting a wheel on my carriage, and as soon as it is ready, I will get in and follow you with pleasure."

MEZERAY was the chilliest mortal living. PATRU, the French advocate, meeting him one frosty morning asked him how he found himself this cold weather: "My dear PATRU," he replied, "I am at L, and am running home as hard as I can." The enigma which PATRU in vain endeavoured to solve, was explained by a friend in the following terms:—The chilly MEZERAY lays in, behind his arm-chair, at the beginning of winter, a stock consisting of twelve pairs of stockings, lettered from A to L, on getting out of bed in the morning he consults his thermometer, and according to its dictum puts on just so many pairs of stockings as the degree of cold may seem to warrant. This morning, it would appear, the cold was down to the last degree." But to return: CÉJAS, the French jurist, invariably worked on the floor of his room, lying on his face, his books and papers scattered around him. As a contrast to this author we may cite the German bibliopelst, REIMANN, who died in 1743, and who passed the greater portion of his life in an erect position. That he might not be tempted to infringe the strange law he had imposed upon himself, he



passed thirty years of his life without having a chair in his study.

GOETHE composed walking; DESCARTES on the contrary practised like LEIBNITZ, horizontal meditation. There is extant a life of DESCARTES, written by a learned Frenchman, named BAILLET, in which the writer has entered into the most minute particulars relative to the domestic habits of the philosopher; among other items of information we are told that DESCARTES was extremely partial to omelettes, composed of eggs, which had been sat upon by the hen for eight or ten days.

A very obscure political writer, the Marquis d'ANTONELLE, who, after passing through the French Revolution, finally died at an advanced age in the year 1817, had a very extraordinary mania. When he wrote he had always beside him a pile of cold plates which he would place in succession on his bare neck, removing each plate as it grew warm; by this means he affirmed that he tempered the boiling vapours of his brain!

GLUCK the composer used to have his pianoforte carried out into the fields: a vast space, an open sky, and a few bottles of champagne were the sources from whence he derived his divinest melodies. SARTI on the other hand could not work save in an immense vaulted hall. The silence of the night, the dim mysterious light of a solitary lamp suspended from the ceiling, were indispensably necessary in order that he might catch the solemn thoughts which form the characteristics of his style. CIMAROSA again delighted to hear around him the hum of an animated conversation; it was while laughing and chatting with his friends that he composed the *Horaces* and the *Matrimonio Segreto*, each a master-piece in its way, though totally opposite in style; the air *Pria che spunti in ciel l'aurora* came to him spontaneously while on a party of pleasure in the environs of Prague.

SACCHINI could not compose a note unless his young wife was by his side, and unless an entire family of kittens, which he held in particular affection, were gambolling around him. He used seriously to affirm that it was to their graceful movements he was indebted for the happiest cadences of *Edipus a Colonna*. TRAETTA, another composer, delighted in churches dimly lighted by the last gleams of day.

SALIERI, in order to excite his imagination, was accustomed to walk hurriedly through the most crowded streets of any town in which he might be sojourning. A little box of comfits into which he used frequently to dip, along with a note book and pencil, formed the whole amount of baggage with which he furnished himself on these occasions. Thus equipped, he would proceed, cane in hand, in chase of musical ideas; as soon as he had "started" one he would stop for an instant, "book" it, and go on again.

While rendering homage in his "Lettere Haydine," to the talent of FERDINAND PAER, CARPINI states that this pleasing composer wrote the partitions of his *Camilla*, *Agnesa*, and *Sargine* while chatting and joking, with his friends; an occupation which still left him sufficient leisure to scold his wife and children, and caress his favourite dog. PAGESIELLO again, could not find a single note unless snugly tucked up in bed; and it was between the sheets that he composed the charming *notine* of *Nina*, *la Molinara*, and the *Barbiere*. LINGARELLI, before taking up his pen, would exalt himself into a lofty intellectual region, by reading several passages either of the Fathers of the Church or the Latin Classic Authors; thus primed he would set to work, and note down the entire act of an opera in less than four hours.

CARPANI speaks of a certain MARCANTONIO ANFOSSI, brother of the celebrated ANFOSSI, and who would himself in all probability have attained a high musical renown had he not died young. This MARCANTONIO was a monk, and his method of proceeding in order to stimulate the creative faculty was a singular one: it was not before a pianoforte that he would seat himself, but before a table upon which smoked dishes of roast fowls, sausages, and sucking pigs; and it was amid these savoury emanations that his blindest inspirations were produced without effort.

HAYDN, sober and regular as NEWTON, silently enclosed in his study, had also his little artifice; he would carefully shave and powder himself, put on clean linen, dress himself from head to foot with as scrupulous a degree of nicety as though he were going to pay his respectful homage to his patron, Prince ESTERHAZY, or even to the Emperor of Germany; then, seating himself before a desk, on which were deposited a supply of carefully ruled paper and well cut pens,

he would place on his finger the ring presented to him by his revered sovereign: these preliminaries completed, he would begin to write: five or six hours would elapse in this exercise without his feeling the slightest fatigue, and not even an erasure would disfigure the extreme neatness of his small, slender, and closely-written notes.

"When I am entirely by myself," wrote MOZART, in 1788, "when I am alone, and feel calm and contented in my mind; when I am travelling, for instance, in a comfortable carriage, or taking a stroll after a good dinner, or when I am lying awake at night; it is on these occasions that ideas rush in crowds into my mind. To say from whence they come, or how they come, would be impossible; but this I do know for certain, that I cannot make them come when I wish.

Finally, MEHUL, the French musician, and pupil of GLUCK, used always to place a human skull upon his pianoforte previous to composing, while HANDEL, on the contrary, sought and found his inspirations in the bottle.

FOUQUIERES, a Flemish painter of the seventeenth century, never painted without having a sword by his side. LUCAS, of Leyden, painted and engraved in bed during the latter years of his life; and LEONARDO DA VINCI, before setting to his easel, always began by playing a little music.

Some one who had known GODECHARLES, the Belgian sculptor, who died in 1835, relates the following anecdote of him:—

"On entering his studio at Brussels, one morning, I beheld about thirty persons on their knees reciting the litanies of the Virgin; women and children, neighbours and workmen, were all singing away in chorus. Hearing unceasingly the recurrence of the solemn *bied vor ons* (pray for us), I imagined some one was in *extremis*, and was about to retire, when a workman stopped me: 'Remain where you are,' whispered he, 'it will be over directly. The master is about to commence upon a fresh block of marble, and we are praying that he may not meet with any flaw or bad vein in it.'"

G. J. K.

(To be continued.)

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE DAY.

NOTES BY AN OBSERVER.

LITERATURE: *Thackeray's and Dickens's new novels, and alleged new novel by Macaulay—Advertisement of an "American gentleman"—The new Reviews—The Edinburgh and the British Museum—The North British, Sir David Brewster, and Mr. Kaye: the British Quarterly—Transfer of the Westminster to Mr. John Chapman, and its future tactics—Threatened opposition of Mr. Grave—The "emancipation of Women" and Mrs. John Stuart Mill—Mrs. Thomas Carlyle an authoress—Mr. Grave's touching appeal to her.—A BATCH OF BLUE BOOKS: Report on the Law of Partnership—Report of the Factory Inspectors—Report of the Commissioners on the Mining Districts.—ART: Statue of Frederick the Great at Berlin—Memorial of Napoleon at St. Helena.—NEW LITERARY INSTITUTIONS: The Banking Institution—The Printers' Athenaeum—Mr. Grave's suggestion that it be termed the Caston Club, and other remarks by that person on the same topic.*

THACKERAY is writing a novel, everybody knows, which is to describe literary, political, and social life in the age of Queen ANNE, and Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co., have even advertised it as in preparation. It is no secret, either, that DICKENS has a new serial on the stocks, which will be launched ere very long, in spite of the labour he spends on *Household Words*. For on that most lively and entertaining periodical he does spend a good deal of labour, seldom writing less in it than an article per week; although the literary quidnuncs give out that he rarely wields a pen for it, and that the contributions, often from most illiterate persons, common sailors and private soldiers, and the like, are *Dickensized* up to the proper point by the very sharp and clever sub-editor, Mr. W. H. WILLS, formerly sub-editor of *Chambers's Journal*, and afterwards of *The Daily News*. But it was reserved for *The New York Times* to inform us that a novel is now being written by—whom does the reader think? By Lord JOHN RUSSELL? No! though that would be nothing wonderful in the author of *Don Carlos* and the *Nun of Arranca* By Mr. JOSEPH HUME? No! By Mr. JOHN BRIGHT? Again—No! but by the Right Honourable THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY! And the same journal announces with perfect truth that the third and fourth

volumes of the right honourable gentleman's *History of England* are nearly ready for publication; presuming to palm off the other absurd report on the strength of the correctness of this one:—well! there is nothing like American lying! Apropos of America, I recently met with, in one of its literary journals (a New York one), an advertisement which is worth quoting for its charming candour. Here it is:

LITERARY. — AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN of established literary acquirements, a Master of Arts by collegiate honour, and who has been engaged as an Editor of one of the leading papers of the city of Montreal embracing the duties of a similar employment, Being conversant with the Literature of England, France, Germany, and the United States, he would be willing to associate his labours with the Proprietors of some respectable, first-class Bookstore with, a view to the general superintendence of Publications, and the production of judicious Criticisms and Reviews. Address &c.

Bravo! Mr. "American Gentleman." I request the reader to observe how gently this Yankee *litterateur* drops from the expression of an editorial aspiration to that of a readiness to serve in a "respectable," yes, and "first-class bookstore." And, further, how he gradually heaps up his offers of assistance until he reaches the climax—a perfect willingness to manufacture puffs for the booksellers, which is cunningly veiled under the words, "the production of judicious criticisms and reviews." Well! we have not got so low in this country yet, in spite of the preference expressed by Mr. CORDEN and others for the American press. Certain literary journals are said to be "under the influence of publishers," but the advertisements of artists in the line of the "American gentleman" are still *desiderata* in the columns of *The Times*.

Of the great reviews, two new numbers are out, those of *The Edinburgh* and *The Quarterly*; the contents of *The North British* and *The British Quarterly* are merely advertised. The new number of *The Quarterly* I alluded to in my last lucubration; of the new number of *The Edinburgh* the only feature worth notice (for it is extremely dull,) is that three articles are contributed by persons in the British Museum. The article on the "Metamorphoses of Apuleius" is by the principal librarian, Sir HENRY ELLIS, the editor of *Domesday Book*, an old, staunch, and extremely heavy antiquarian; and the only wonder about his article is that it should be there at all. That on "Neapolitan Justice" is by the keeper of printed books, Mr. ANTHONY PANIZZI, a well-known haunter of Lord PALMERSTON'S soirées. That on "Sources of Expression in Architecture: Ruskin," is by an assistant in the library, Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE. Among the articles announced for the forthcoming *North British*, there is one on the "Peace Congress," no doubt from the pen of Sir DAVID BREWSTER, an old contributor and a leading man in that movement; another is "The Frontier Wars of India," no doubt by Mr. JOHN WILLIAM KAYE, the author of the forthcoming history of the "War in Afghanistan," advertised by Mr. BENTLEY to be published immediately. From the advertisement of Dr. VAUGHAN'S review, *The British Quarterly*, it does not seem likely (any more than usual,) to set the Thames or the Irwell on fire. *The Westminster*, on the other hand—but *The Westminster* deserves a paragraph to itself.

The Westminster, be it known then, after undergoing the many rapid changes of proprietary and editorship, already chronicled in this journal by my rapid young friend (and I am proud to call him friend) Mr. HERODOTUS SMITH, *The Westminster* has finally passed from the hands of Mr. HICKSON, formerly a leather-merchant in Smithfield, into those of Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN, Strand, the well-known publisher of the *Catholic Series*. Christianity, if you are to believe the admirers of Mr. CHAPMAN, is a mere Troy, which is to be taken and destroyed by the invading Greeks of *The Westminster* under new management, who have sinews of war (cash) for ten years at least. The Agamemnon (or Editor) is, as I understand, to be Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN himself, who can, it is said, write a book, as well as publish it. The Menelaus is to be Mr. FRANCIS NEWMAN, of *Phases-of-Faith* notoriety; the Nestor, probably old Mr. TAYLER, the Unitarian Minister of Manchester; the Diomed, Mr. FROUDE, while the part of Ulysses (by particular desire) is to be undertaken by Doctor Anonymous HODGSON, formerly of Edinburgh. If spiritual nakedness of the FROUDE and NEWMAN kind is to be paraded noisily through the streets, Mr. GRAVE will cheer-

fully be sworn-in a "special" with his neighbours, and grasp a repressive baton in his feeble fingers. By the way, the article in a recent number of *The Westminster* on "The Emancipation of Women," tending towards Bloomerism, physical, social, and political, is not by FRANCIS NEWMAN, as *The Globe* alleged; but by the lately espoused lady of Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, to whom (that is to the lady, and before marriage) were dedicated the well-known *Elements of Political Economy*. From the recently published *Life of John Sterling*, by THOMAS CARLYLE, it would appear that the lady of a very different gentleman is an authoress too, although hitherto only in MS. On the 16th November, 1837, STERLING writes from Madeira to her husband thus:—

Tell Mrs. Carlyle that I have written, since I have been here, and am going to send to *Blackwood*, a humble imitation of her *Watch and Canary Bird*, entitled *The Suit of Armour and the Skeleton*. I am conscious that I am far from having reached the depth and fulness of despair and mockery which distinguish the original! But in truth there is a lightness of tone about her style, which I hold to be invaluable: where she makes hair-strokes, I make blotches.

May Mr. GRAVE be permitted very respectfully, and in Shakspearian phrase, to inquire: "Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them?" British literature, Mr. GRAVE would earnestly add, could never less than now afford to lose contributions of the delicate potency here attributed to Mrs. T. CARLYLE's composition.

Among the "Blue Books" recently issued there are several not of a political, but of a literary or social kind merely, and which Mr. GRAVE may, therefore, descant on without terror of editorial reproof. Foremost among these is the Report of a thousand-and-first Committee on Public Libraries, appointed last sessions, at the instance of the indefatigable Mr. EWART, "for the purpose of receiving and ordering to be printed additional returns respecting Public Libraries;" a most melancholy report for England and for America! France has a free public library in every great town,—nay, Brazil has it, Naples, Peru, Portugal, the States of the Church, Norway and Sweden even—but not England! While, as for the United States of America, "The Honourable J. M. CLAYTON, Department of State, Washington," being applied to for information by our ambassador, Sir HENRY BULWER, brother to the celebrated novelist, &c. &c., gives the following polite but most unsatisfactory reply: that "the undersigned, with every disposition to do so, finds that he has no means of gratifying the wishes of Her Majesty's Government in this respect." Yankee pride (and Yankee poverty) being naturally indisposed to discover the nakedness of the land in this respect. Then comes the Report of the Select Committee of the Commons, appointed last Session, to inquire into the Law of Partnership, printed with copious evidence. The present Law of Partnership presses heavily on three descriptions of persons. 1. Those who wish to undertake useful local enterprises, but are deterred by the expense of the Charter necessary to secure the limited liability of the each undertaker. 2. Capitalists willing to lend, with a view to participation in the profits, and clever energetic young men without capital, willing to borrow money wherewith to go into a feasible business. 3. Co-operative Societies, in which at present all the members are held liable for the debts of any dissolute among them, and are unable to secure compliance with their established rules, unless by an expensive resort to the Court of Chancery. In all these cases, the committee recommends a cautious relaxation and amendment of the present stringent law of partnership, and furthermore, the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry of a kind which leads Mr. GRAVE to hope that bye-and-bye literary studious men will supersede in many departments of inquiry, Committees of the House of Commons. Next comes "The Reports of the Inspectors of Factories to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department for the half-year ending 30th April, 1851;" concerning whose report for the previous half-year, the reader is invited to refer to No. 243 of *THE CRITIC*, p. 230. The present report is, on the whole, pretty uninteresting, were it not for the approval which Mr. LEONARD HORNER, the Chief Inspector, bestows on the new Manchester education scheme, started by the clergy and ministers of all denominations in that city. Lastly comes the very interesting Report for 1851, of "The Commissioner appointed

under the Provisions of the Act 5 & 6 Vict. c. 39, to Inquire into the Operation of that Act, and into the State of the Population in the Mining Districts." Mr. TREMENHEERE, the Commissioner under this act, is evidently a gentleman of sense, benevolence, and moderation; and, judging from the results in his case, it could be wished that a person of similar qualifications were appointed by Government similarly to visit, and periodically report upon, each great division of our industrial population. In the present report, as in his past ones, I see him without officious meddling of any kind, steadily promoting harmony between employer and employed, and dealing out impartial justice to each. One of the schemes which he has been successful in establishing in connexion with education in South Staffordshire, seems to me so praiseworthy and feasible as to be worth an introduction to the reader, especially at the present time when so much interest is felt in public education.

It had struck Mr. TREMENHEERE (as it must strike every candid student of the education question), that the great difficulty, after all, is not to get plenty of schools built; but to induce parents, even those in receipt of good wages, to forego the advantage derived from the wages of their children's labour for the sake of sending them to school. To remove this difficulty, Mr. TREMENHEERE hit upon the following plan for the district of South Staffordshire under his care, and which I shall give in his own words:

A boy between eight and ten years old can earn about 6s. a year; a boy between ten and eleven about 8s. a year, at the iron-works or collieries of the district.

It would seem probable that if to a school of one hundred boys there were offered two annual prizes—one of 4l., the other of 3l. (which would be about half of what either boy obtaining it would have earned at independent labour)—it might induce many parents to forego the child's earnings for a year, in the hope of his distinguishing himself by getting one of these prizes, especially as, generally speaking, the earnings of a prudent and industrious father are ample in this district to enable him to maintain a family. If to these large prizes there were added 1l., to be distributed in books to those who had exerted themselves in the struggle, though unsuccessfully, it would compensate them in some measure for their defeat, and bring a larger number within the range of the competition.

Having drawn up this plan, Mr. TREMENHEERE submitted it to the government inspectors and to the clergy of the district, from all of whom he received offers of cordial co-operation. The next step was to communicate with some of the leading iron and coal masters of South Staffordshire; the sum required was almost immediately subscribed, and the plan is by this time I hope, in active and successful operation.

Art is by degrees sinking down into its proper place, that of the embellishing copyist of Nature. When somebody lamented to Doctor JOHNSON that Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS had wasted so much of his time and talent on portrait-paintings, the surly cynic replied that he saw nothing to be sorry about, and that, in his opinion, Sir JOSHUA was much better employed in helping to preserve the lineaments of real persons in the memory and affections of those who cared for them, than in painting flimsy pictures of "imaginary shepherdesses." One of the best recent works of art, therefore, in my opinion, is the Monument of FREDERICK the Great, inaugurated on the 31st of May last at Berlin, and of which a truthful "pictorial illustration" with letter-press has reached this country. The great King is represented in the costume of his age, surrounded by his favourite generals, and not only by them but by the writers and philosophers who illustrated his reign, although he cared not for and little patronized their "illustration," a deficiency for which the present Monarch of Prussia has made ample amends. Another "work of art," though your patrons of "high" art would scarcely allow it such a designation, is the recently produced "Souvenir of the Emperor NAPOLEON: consisting of six drawings made in the Island of St. Helena, representing the various spots rendered generally interesting from their association with the History of NAPOLEON, drawn from Nature. By Lieut. F. R. STACK,"—worth a hundred of your "imaginary shepherdesses!" And last, I have to record the setting up at Falaaise, his French birth-place, of a statue of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR of England;—a perpetual triumph to the French.

A new literary institution is in course of being founded, under the title of "The Bankers' Institute," where persons connected with the banking establishments of the metropolis may meet and

hear lectures about their business, and receive the other conveniences of a common building. Now that the "Great Exhibition" is over, the "Printers' Athenaeum" may also be expected to display some signs of vitality. But why not change the name? From the prospectus I see it is to be not merely an institute for the printers, but for all persons connected with literature—from the author to the bookbinder. Why not call it "The Caxton Club?" CAXTON was author, translator, printer, bookbinder, all in one: his name attached to the institution would much better express its scope and design. A good library and a good reading-room, at a cheap rate, are still desiderata in London;—might not a Caxton Club supply both? The publishers would lend a hand with new books, and all newspaper-editors with their wares, if applied to by such a body. These are hints which may be freely made, as the committee has placed on its list the name of FRANK GRAVE.

HISTORY.

Early Oriental History; comprising the Histories of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Lydia, Phrygia, and Phenicia. Edited by JOHN EADIE, D.D., LL.D. London: Griffin, and Co. 1851.

This is another of the very valuable series of works which forms the new Cabinet Edition of the famous *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and in which the admirable design has been adopted of reproducing the treatises in distinct volumes, with revisions and additions, so that the reader might purchase only such as he wants, or possess himself of the entire set. The present volume is one of the Historical Series, and comprises the early annals of Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon, Persia, Lydia, Phrygia, and Phenicia. The results of the many recent discoveries have been embodied, and, indeed, the entire work appears to have been rewritten. It should be understood that this is not a dry, formal history, very learned, but very dull; it comprises the geography of the various countries, descriptions of their monumental antiquities, as illustrations of their social life, their arts and science. The best authorities have been consulted, especially the most learned of the German historians, and the biographies of the distinguished men who flourished in them have been carefully selected from the *Cyclopædia* and embodied in the work with the names of the authors. Besides all these recommendations to the reader, the volume is copiously illustrated with engravings of the antiquities of the nations whose history is recorded, and a careful chronology and copious index make it valuable for reference, as its composition renders it attractive for present reading. It should be added to all school libraries and literary institutions. The book clubs will have it, of course.

Popular History of Ireland from the earliest period to the present time. By the Rev. R. STEWART, M.A., London: Partridge and Oakley.

THIS really deserves its title of a popular history; it is in fact the only readable history of Ireland we have ever seen. Mr. STEWART has not lumbered it with trivialities and antiquarianisms, but has seized the broad outlines and the picturesque details which impress themselves upon the mind, and make us not only understand as we read, but remember afterwards. It does not assume to be more than a book for present perusal; it makes no pretension to be a formal history—a work of art. The style is adapted to the design; it is a plain straightforward narrative, without stateliness or eloquence, very well adapted for schools and societies and, strange to say, written with great impartiality;—a difficult matter to attain in treating of the affairs of Ireland.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Provincial Letters of Blaise Pascal. A new Translation, with Life of the Author. London: William Collins, Paternoster-row; and Glasgow. 1851. 12mo.

The Provincial Letters of Pascal, with an Essay on Pascal considered as a Writer and a Novelist. By MONS. VILLEMINE, newly translated from the French (by GEORGE PEARCE, Esq.), with a Memoir, Notes and Appendix. London: Seeley. 1847. 8vo.

THERE was a man who, at the age of twelve, anticipated the effects of Education, and, with what he called *bars and hoops*, found out for himself the Science of Mathematics; who, at the

age of sixteen, had written the most profound treatise on conic sections that the world had, up to that time, seen; who, at the age of nineteen, invented a machine for performing what had hitherto been the work of the understanding; who, at twenty-three, demonstrated the weight of the atmosphere, and destroyed one of the greatest errors in ancient Physics; who, at an age when the intellects of most men begin to be developed, had examined the whole circle of human learning, had perceived its nothingness, and had avowed that there was no support nor solidity but in the truth of God; who, from that time, to his death, occupied himself in the perfecting of his native tongue and produced models of Eloquence in which the terse and graceful humour of SOCRATES, the wit of RABELAIS and the fire of DEMOSTHENES were equalled and combined; who, domineering over the two extreme provinces of Thought, Reason and Imagination, has left behind him a reputation that will last so long as the world endures; this astonishing genius was BLAISE PASCAL.

Casting our eyes back over the arid waste of the Century of Scepticism, contemplation rests with peculiar satisfaction upon this marvellous man. Little though we have of his writings, as compared with his powers of instruction, and with what he doubtless intended to bequeath to posterity, we treasure up every line as golden words; religiously preserving those fragmentary Thoughts, that stand, like the ruins and porticoes of ancient temples, buried in the sand but leading on to things of grandeur and beauty. We see him, that modern ARCHIMEDES, retiring from the world into the learned seclusion of Port-Royal, devoted only to the pursuit of Truth, separating himself from the society of all but one chosen band who laboured with him in those intellectual fields in which his great soul delighted! For he knew that life is too short, (and his how much too short!) to be wasted in compliments and quarrels and grinnings. *I am*, he writes of himself, to the Jesuits, *attached neither to communities nor to individuals. All your power, all your influence are directed against me in vain! From the world I have nothing to hope, nothing to fear, nothing to desire. Endowed by a grace, which is from above, I need nothing that the wealth or authority of man can supply. All history does not present a more magnificent spectacle than this. Integer vita, scelerisque purus!*

It is to *The Provincial Letters* that PASCAL owes his enduring celebrity; for, while modern Science has left his Mathematics far in the background, modern Literature has done nothing to obscure the lustre of these matchless productions: written for a transitory purpose, they will live for ever; intended for the defence of a friend they will remain the champions of morality against the insidious attacks of jesuitical casuistry.

There are now, we believe, five translations of *The Provincial Letters* into English: the two above specified; one published in 1816, now quite out of circulation; one published at Edinburgh, from the pen of a Mr. McCRIE; and a *Life and Writings of Mr. Pascal* published in the last century. Of these five, the only one entitled to any considerable respect is the translation of Mr. PEARCE: the rest approach, or sink below, mediocrity. Models of Eloquence, full of lucid argument and original phrases which have now become the current coin of discourse, the translation of *The Provincial Letters* is a very difficult task, and can only be undertaken by one who is perfectly master of both languages, and is possessed of such rare taste as would enable him to render them into such English as PASCAL would himself have used had he originally written them in that language. In this Mr. PEARCE has very nearly succeeded; and the public is indebted to him for one of the most careful interpretations of a foreign author that it possesses. But if we have to congratulate Mr. PEARCE on giving us one of the best, candour compels us to congratulate the translator of COLLINS's Glasgow edition on producing one of the worst translations we ever met with. Not only has he left his reader in utter ignorance of the historical bearing of these letters, and refrained from giving a single note to illustrate and explain what is dark and recondite, but he has deprived them of all that is admirable in diction, remarkable in style, and pointed in wit. We do not complain of his refusing information which he probably did not possess, but we must exclaim against his making the public believe that the praise bestowed upon *The Provincial Letters* is entirely undeserved, and that they are in reality awkward and ill-digested

performances, remarkable for nothing but a singular vulgarity and inelegance of style. One consequence of the want of notes is, that without them, and very full ones too, it is quite impossible for such a reader as would content himself with a translation to understand what the letters are about. What can he know of the *five heretical propositions of Jansenius*? He is thrown into a sea of doubt; Molinists, Jansenists, New Thomists and a hundred other monsters floating round to bewilder and astonish him. He is like the little boy at the Sunday School, whom a very celebrated Theologian of the present day undertook to examine. *Well my little fellow*, said the divine, *and what can you tell me about the Monophysite Heresy?*

The very first letter is filled with gross inaccuracies and inelegancies. We are informed that "the examiners had said in full Sorbonne, that this opinion is problematical; and that it was his own sentiment (sentiment, Fr.)"—and the quotation from St. AUGUSTINE "we know that grace is not given to all men," is rendered "we believe," &c. In the next sentence we are told that the heresy of M. ARNAULD consisted in his "not acknowledging that believers have the power of fulfilling the commandments of God in the manner in which we understand it." In the explanation given of the *Pouvoir prochain*, by comparing it to seeing with the eyes, a whole sentence is omitted: *doctement* is translated "Like a doctor!" A sentence which should be translated—"It is necessary to pronounce this word with the lips, to avoid the stigma of heresy," is rendered, "it is necessary to pronounce this word for fear of being heretical in name." To fully exemplify the difference between this production, and the translation of Mr. PEARCE, we subjoin the respective readings of the famous description of the deadly contest between Violence and Truth, and leave our readers to judge for themselves.

From the Glasgow Edition.

I pity you, fathers, in having recourse to such remedies. The injurious things which you say to me will not clear up our differences, and the menaces which you hold out in so many modes will not prevent me from defending myself. You think you have force and impunity; but I think I have truth and innocence. All the efforts of violence cannot weaken the truth, and only serve to exalt it the more. All the light of truth cannot arrest violence, and only adds to its irritation. When force combats force, the stronger destroys the weaker; when discourse is opposed to discourse, that which is true and convincing confounds and dispels that which is only vanity and lies; but violence and truth cannot do anything against each other. Let it not, however, be supposed from this that the things are equal; there is this extreme difference, that the course of Violence is limited by the arrangement of Providence, who makes its effects conduce to the glory of the truth which it attacks; whereas truth subsists eternally, and ultimately triumphs over her enemies, because she is eternal and mighty as God himself.

Mr. Pearce's Translation.

Yet, sirs, for your own sakes, I cannot but lament to see you resorting to such weapons. The wrongs that you inflict upon me will not set at rest our controversies; and your menaces, of whatsoever description, shall never deter me from self-defence. You think yourselves sheltered by the impunity of power; but I stand upon the vantage ground of innocence and truth! Long and persevering may be the assaults of Violence against those sacred bulwarks. No efforts of rude power can overthrow Truth, they only serve to enhance her lustre; while Truth's most transcendent radiance avails not to arrest the course of violence and serves but to irritate it the more. When force opposes force, the stronger overpowers the weaker; when controversies are arrayed against each other, those founded on Justice and Reason may silence the clamours of vanity and falsehood; but Violence and Truth will ever wage against each other a fruitless and interminable warfare. Yet let it not then be concluded that their forces are balanced, and their weapons tempered alike. There is between them this immeasurable difference, that Violence traces a course limited and circumscribed by the resistless decree of God, which causes all its effects to subserve the advancement of the sacred cause assailed. But Truth shall remain for ever unimpaired, and be victorious over all her enemies; for she is immortal and omnipotent, like the Eternal.

Those who wish to test the fidelity of these translations by consulting the original passages will find them at the conclusion of the Twelfth Letter.

It is scarcely to be regretted that the translator has omitted the short and beautiful fragment of the Nineteenth Letter, in which PASCAL bears a final testimony to the honour of the oppressed Port-Royalists, and records his last indignant protest against their persecutors; and that he has also omitted the Twentieth Letter. The less he touches of PASCAL the better—*nilhil tetigit quod non laceravit*. Probably he was not aware of their existence, for they are not to be found in the common editions. Still less is it to be supposed that he was aware of the existence of the intercalary letters, following the twelfth and seventeenth, which so materially add to the effect of the Letters as a work: they were written, it is true, by friends of PASCAL, but would no more be omitted by a careful editor than the supplementary letters from an edition of *Junius*.

In conclusion, it should be remarked that this edition forms one of a cheap series. If many such appear, they will be held much cheaper than even their promoters intended. We fully agree with a contemporary who congratulates the public upon the manifest improvement in the cheap publications; but that improvement is capable of being carried to a much greater extent on the side of correctness. There is no need to sacrifice accuracy to economy; and, if the publishers would obtain the assistance of more competent translators, we feel convinced that they would only be consulting their own interests, and would materially increase the sale of their books.

The Port-Royal Logic, translated from the French; with Introduction, Notes, and Appendix. By THOS. SPENCER BAYNES, B.A. 2nd edition. Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox.

This work was reviewed at very great length in the columns of *The Critic* when it first appeared. The commendation bestowed upon it has been approved by the public in this early call for a second edition, and the translator has availed himself of the opportunity to enlarge his notes.

SCIENCE.

The Human Body and its Connexion with Man. Illustrated by the Principal Organs. By J. J. G. WILKINSON, M.R.C.S. London: Chapman and Hall.

At this time, when science is sufficiently liberal to refuse no aid which may assist in the development of the laws of nature, books which promise to shed light upon the physiological and psychological nature of man, are alike welcome to the *savans* and the intelligent public. For if, as we believe, scientific induction can have but two corollaries, one the spiritual and material advance of man, and the other the glory of God, all speculation which opens at once upon these mighty lines of truth, have an interest of a far higher and more immediate kind than speculations not so immediately directed. The chemist, the botanist, the geologist, are but operators and revealers through a course of cause and effect, whose ultimate purposes are objective to the use, benefit, or knowledge of man; but the anatomist and physiologist who bring us at once to the body of man himself, and the psychologist to a healthy, though not over recondite speculation, as to how the spirit in connexion with body is most nobly used and governed, brings us at once to that which is highest, because made in the likeness of God, and gifted with the breath of life which is also His. Human physiology viewed in this its noble relation with psychology, will remain as the highest point of scientific induction, even when from each department of the sciences has been eliminated and gathered a splendid logic of the whole, and when it shall not only be revered by the senate of letters, but also become active and household knowledge with the people.

Mr. WILKINSON is already well known amongst the *literati* of this country, of northern Europe, and of America, by various works; but principally by his fine translation of SWEDENBORG's *Animal Kingdom*, and by his preliminary discourses attached to Mr. CLISSOLD's translations of other works of the same author. With these he bears a literary reputation of a very high order for profound thought and great learning, combined with a general richness and amplitude of intellect very rare. Moreover, the verdict given by

EMERSON in his *Representative Men*, "that Mr. WILKINSON is a philosophic critic, with a co-equal vigour of understanding and imagination comparable only to Lord BACON's," is certainly praise sufficient to make an ordinary author conceive himself the Hercules of letters. In part we agree to this verdict, as far as regards great depth of thought and a general richness of diction; but BACON, incomparably giant-like himself in this respect, never, or rarely, descends into vagueness or generalities—but holds rigidly by his own mighty instrument of induction—however profound the metaphysical speculation—a thing Mr. WILKINSON occasionally fails to do. Here, therefore, is the point of weakness, the point of difference—Mr. WILKINSON speculates often empirically, often without induction, and is therefore a poet; Lord BACON adheres to the most rigid sequences of thought, and is, therefore, a philosopher.

It is on this score of vagueness, an over-thought of thought, if we may so express it, that we confess our disappointment with Mr. WILKINSON's book. Judging from his powers of mind, we expected a great book; but this is not the *magnum opus* of our conception. Science and plainness, truth and intelligibility, we believe to be inseparable; and we have faith in no trespasses from the lines of inductive truth. We think that the germ of the error lies in this: Mr. WILKINSON, though not a believer in SWEDENBORG's religious views, has at least been a student of his metaphysical speculations, and has thus, to a certain extent, shadowed his own more philosophic opinions with the dreamy phantasmagoria of that writer's brain; and such influence, acting upon a temperament more poetical than philosophical, has produced the result we here and there regret. Mr. WILKINSON must forgive our criticism. We want his noble powers to be so used that all who run may read, and not alone for the few, who have time enough to disentangle complex trains of speculation. Mr. WILKINSON himself sees this need of plainness in the sciences, for hear what he finely says in one of the noblest parts of his book—its Preface:—

Already we see that the whole of the sciences may re-appear on the popular side. The waning moon of the schools gives place to the full-orbed Dian of a more generous light. All the common truths that have been neglected since the foundation of philosophy; the stones that the builders have rejected; that great orthodoxy that has bided its time while ages of conceit were cuffling against its serene face, will rise out of land and sea, and out of the graves of the hearts of many generations, and come in hosts such as no man can number to the people in their hour of need. The doctrine of final causes, which is God in the sciences, and which atheism hates, will ramble over the pleasant fields, and teach them to childhood as a book; and out of its mouth will come lessons of order and fitness, which will make the world as familiar as a father's and a mother's house.

We find it to be a law, when a branch of knowledge has been cultivated for ages, and still remains inaccessible to the world at large, that its principles are not high or broad enough, and that something radically deeper is demanded. If it does not interest universal man, that is sufficient to prove the point. This law is illustrated by many things, and particularly by the history of the arts.

Once upon a time all books were perpetuated by copying with the hand; whoever would possess a volume, must undergo the toil of transcribing it, or pay the price of that toil to another. This was the narrowness of the circle of the learned. The perfection of the copyist's art was soon attained, but the utmost rapidity and cheapness in this mode of multiplying books, could not render them to the mass of the public. How was the seeming impossibility to be surmounted? By some meaner process, which should deteriorate the appearance of books to a degree commensurate with the humble fortunes of the poor; so that if the rich man's Bible cost him 30*l.*, a copy of but one sixtieth the excellence should be produced for one sixtieth the sum? Far from it indeed! The means of making the poor man a proprietor of books, lay in a glorious new art that clothed all literature in a bodily frame of surpassing beauty and usefulness, and placed it in the hands of the common people in a form that before the invention of printing the greatest kings would have envied; and which even Virgil or Cicero would not have disdained as the material pedestal of their immortality. This art, simpler and more universal than writing, was not lower but immeasurably higher than its predecessor, whose services were for the noble and the learned.

Another illustration: The means of locomotion or material progress,—what is their history? Up to a recent date the coaches and high-roads furnished nearly

the only mode of land travelling. Journeys by them were restricted to a small portion of the community. The more the coaches were perfected, and the better horsed, the more expensive and select they became. How shall we popularize travelling? By a viler expedient,—of canals, carts, and the like? This too existed, but it was used merely for necessity, and did not attract, or tend to make all men into travellers. To effect the latter result, an invention grander and cheaper than had then traversed space was required. To move the rich needed only a four-horse coach running in an agony of ten miles an hour; but to move the poor required cars before which those of the triumphant Caesars must pale their ineffectual competition. Thus though the problem was the enfranchisement of the meaner classes from the fetters of pedestrianism, yet the only solution of it lay in the increased convenience of all ranks from the noble to the peasant, and not in the degradation but the elevation of the locomotive art.

And so it must be, as we apprehend, with human knowledge; the arts of education that will summon the people to learn, are *toto calo* different from, and greater than, those which have been sufficient for the schools. A petty magnet is sufficient to take up a few hundreds of isolated persons; but when the nations are to be attracted, there is nothing less than the earth that will draw their feet.

Can truth be more nobly stated than in these paragraphs? They fall upon the ear like fine sentences, gathered from the *Religio Medici*, or *Urn Burial* of Sir THOMAS BROWN, with whose writings Mr. WILKINSON's style has, to our thinking, more general affinity than with that of BACON. Yet further on in the chapter on the Heart, we have incomprehensible material, more befitting the cobweb dreams of THOMAS AQUINAS or PORPHYRY than a philosophical critic who sees in physiology the knowledge needful for "clowns and sempstresses." But we will not quote what to our thinking has little of substance or profit within it; but rather let the reader judge briefly of the many fine and tangible portions of the book, when we have dissented, once more, and finally. Why does Mr. WILKINSON ignore the labours of the men of science and the philosophers? He treats both with a vague contempt unworthy of literary candour, and which, though only indefinitely expressed, we feel. This pains us. We hold to a high code of honour in this respect, and bow before the worth of our exalted creditors. But Mr. WILKINSON makes the *amende honorable*, though without direct specification of so doing. He sees, as we do, "God in the Sciences," and therefore the men who have made science what it is, who thus strive to declare the laws of the Supreme, are revered by his own statement of the worth and power of knowledge, even though no words of direct specification fall from his pen.

The work is divided into a Preface, Appendix, and seven chapters, on the Brain, Lungs, Assimilation and its Organs, the Heart, the Skin, and the Human Form. The chapter on the Brain appears to us one of singular beauty, both in respect to its anatomical delineation, and the psychological affinities appertaining. For to the honour of Mr. WILKINSON be it said, as it is a point almost new to discussions of this character, he not only gives us bone, and brain, and skin, as merely such, but as endowed with the vital principle,—active and objective. From Assimilation and its organs we select these passages, as bearing on a question constantly before us, in one shape or another; and never has it been so ably put against the arguments of the abstainers.

We have postponed to this place the subject of wine as a part of diet, because the case of stimulants rests on human life, and not otherwise on physiological laws. Alcohol in its various forms acts specifically upon the brain and animal nature, themselves the stimulants of the other systems of the body. Teetotalism on this account takes rank with vegetarianism, as both of them tend to reduce the animal powers.

What is called "total abstinence" has claims which deserve to be admitted. The abstainer on principle is generally workful to an extraordinary degree; has his senses about him, such as they are; is equally cool and collected at all parts of the day; feels little irritability from current events, but bears and forbears well. This is while health and strength last. And if he be capable of fanaticism, or kindly speaking, faith in abstinence, he may be a strong man through life on cold water. His strength will be in proportion to his dose of faith. A batch of abstinence soldiers working in emulation against a batch accustomed to stimulants, will generally be the conquerors. New systems, and especially self-denials, have the advantage of unlisting faith, the wonder-worker. The victories of Mahomedanism were due in part to the combination of a religious

faith with a faith in abstinence; a union of two powerful springs affecting the soul and the body. Torrents of passion which had been wont to vent themselves in pleasures, were suddenly stopped off, and they burst through another channel, in faith and energetic fighting. Faiths however wear out in many cases, and the truth of things is the ultimate level, unaffected by mortal enthusiasm.

Successful abstinence shows that stimulation is a law of existence, for an abstinence neither hereditary nor stimulating is not kept up. The most sober people have their "pocket pistols," and take their own stimulants as neat as they can get them. For there are two sides of the cellar, two decanters of spirit, the body and the soul. Take away the bodily decanter, and life itself must furnish an excitement that will be equivalent. There are other stimulants besides drink that cheat us of our senses, other drunkenness than that of the public house. Teetotalism might be drunk with its own cause, with the additional indecorum of exhibiting its disgrace in Exeter Hall.

Teetotalism goes on to science and morals for corroborations. It says that intoxication is poisoning, and that poisons are like themselves in their least doses as in their greatest. There is a mistake here founded upon an etymology. Poison is one thing, and stimulus is another. Poisons destroy the structure, or subvert the functions of the body; stimuli kindle it into life and exhaust it into repose, or even death if their action be excessive. The sleep of the night is nature's recovery from the excitement of the day. The sleep of death is the spirit's recovery from the lifetime. Our machines are meant to wear out, and stimuli are the wearers. The organs of the body and mind live by stimuli, which in temperance animate and in excess destroy them. Light is the stimulus of the eye, but its intensity will extinguish sight; yet is it no poison even when its glare is destructive. We do not "totally abstain" from light, though a part of our brethren have weak eyes, and are ordered into dark rooms. Sound, which in voice and music makes the ear alive, deadens hearing when too loud, and destroys the sense. In short the sensible world is one great excitement to carry man beyond his first organic water. Joy too, the wine of the soul, will kill by its abundance and unexpectedness, and yet it is next of kin to the life that its overmuchness withers. High truth intoxicates those not fit to drink it; causing oftentimes madness from its misapprehension and abuse; causing still more frequently need of rest, to recover from its dazzling revelations. We repeat that man lives by stimuli, any of which, administered in too great a quantity, too often, or too fast, may cause destruction or suspension of life. Yet none of them is therefore a poison. Just as little can we so denigrate alcohol, from the fact of its producing intoxication or death. For every stimulus carried to excess has the like effects and in all the cases the excess is reprehensible, but the stimulus natural. Our Saxon word Drunkenness bears no poisonous sense; it is merely the far-gone past participle of Drink made substantive.

In truth poison differs from stimulus as medicine from food, for poisons in little doses are medicines, and food in its greatest concentration is stimulus. The plainest food will kill in too great quantity. And then again, medicinal substances, as coffee, tea, &c., come into dietetic use. Yet we cannot infer that food and medicine are the same thing, though they touch each other and are not incompatible at the extremes.

The corollary that we draw, is, that total abstinence contains no universal argument; that it is an admirable strait-waistcoat for many of us; that abstinence is a useful discipline for every one at the most of times, and then coincident with temperance: but that moreover wine is an indispensable gift of heaven, and the use of it to the same an inalienable matter of private judgment, into which abstinence-leagues, though backed by medicine and chemistry, will find it impossible to intrude.

Again, these two fine passages on food:—

Delicious, pleasant and agreeable foods contain a native series of offerings to our intestine wants. Fruits, aromatic and luscious, hold their delights the loohest of all, and give them away at the first solicitation. Their nectars claim instant kindred with the tongue and the oral saliva. Nature has cooked them, and they need no mixture, nor artificial fire: the grape and the pine-apple are a sauce unto themselves, and are baked and roasted and boiled in the sunlight. They are at the top of their life at the table; their niceness is not foreign, nor does their beauty depend upon disguise. By feeding the eyes with bloom and loveliness, they call forth a chaster saliva into the mouth to welcome and introduce them; different from the carnal gush which savory meats engender. They are flasks of the spiritual blood of the earth, of the kith of our tree of life, and nearer to it than aught besides, unless it be the mother's milk. The term *fruit* implies that which is for use, or which has attained its own object, and seeks its place in another system. Fruits therefore hang before our mouths, and

tempt us by nature's sweetest wiles; as it were the nipples of her bosom, which still run pure with rills of the milk of her ancient kindness. They belong essentially to mouth digestion, which is mere melting.

The subject of food subdivides itself into quantity and quality. A certain assured amount of provision,—a decent minimum,—is the ground of further wants. This annuls those distressing anxieties that consume the stomach, and make it the seat of care instead of exhilaration for a large portion of our fellow men. Under these circumstances the body feeds upon itself, only miserable sensations are alive, and the mind has neither leisure nor wish to pursue its own avocations. But when the first demand is satisfied, quality and variety are the next necessities to be considered. And here there is room for a new gastronomy, to instruct us under all circumstances and seasons, what nutrient matters, and what artificial compounds and alterations of these, will enable the body to carry forward happily the various works required at our hands. We know that the mind can modify the frame to almost any extent by the manner of feeding it: by the substances introduced we already produce the baser conditions, of fatness, intoxication, stupidity, ferocity: and it must be the business of a charitable science to reverse the direction, and to feed the industries and virtues with their daily bread, from among the riches in this kind which the earth is instructed to yield. There is not an emotion however retiring, not a thought however fine, not an action however skilful, but may be carried into further and more exquisite perfection by some helpmate from the social board, when humanity there enlarges its heart, and brightens its calculating cheerfulness.

Another passage from the chapter on the Human Form must close our quotations, though we had marked many others, that for aerial fineness and beauty are as exquisite as whispered music.

The human form has never been abolished: it has a divine strength of conservation; so that even the poor Bushmen and Australians, nay, all criminals, are still men, and we dare not cease to say that they are in the image of God; for that same emancipative form which is the immensity of righteousness, is also the dungeon of sin. By this conservation it is that the children of those who are bending to death under all guilts and plagues, are born infants as the rest; they too begin from heaven, by whose elasticity the liberated seed recovers itself with a spring from the pressure and abuse of generations. An earnest that evil cannot triumph, or build through the world, because there is this almighty arm nursing babes in the wrestle. For the life cause every day is born afresh, and the load of life is lightened in sleep, which lets out an ever new man through the merciful gates of the morning. Thus, though the divine image be defaced, yet as its features may be won again, we still recognise in man the remoteness of his archetype; just as we call reason, reason, despite of unreason; and leave to love its ideal meaning, though that substance, as such, is seldom patent upon earth.

But we feel sure that we have quoted enough to lead the reader to the book itself. There is nothing in it to shake his faith whether in God or man—for, unlike the MARTINEAU and ATKINSON Letters, this book is a declared contribution, not only to faith in God, but faith in Science, as connected with Revelation and Christianity. The most orthodox divine, the most orthodox thinker, may open its pages with untrembling fingers.

Like Mr. WILKINSON, we desire to borrow some things of science from the schools, and infuse them into the habits and acts of the people. Of these none more than Physiology. By such means, by Physiology made active, we shall meet Governments half way in their codes of Health; and as knowledge is the primary step, let Mr. WILKINSON, instead of laying down his pen as hinted in his Preface, put his fine powers of thought in clearer shape, so as to be outstanding to the common gaze like the handwriting on the walls of the Assyrian King. In this way he will do noble service to science, to the country and the people. The laws of nature are divine, and he who leads men to understand and practice them is a philosopher of the highest kind.

The Principles of Chemistry, illustrated by Simple Experiments. By Dr. JULIUS ADOLPH STOCKHARDT. Translated from the fifth German Edition, by C. H. PEIRCE, M.D. London: Bohn.

TWENTY years ago, when first we plunged into Chemical Experiment, with only such materials as a schoolboy could provide out of his weekly pence, what a welcome book would this have been to us. Here we have the principles of the Science explained in the most simple language, such as any schoolboy can understand, and

illustrated by a series of experiments which any schoolboy can perform with apparatus to be constructed by himself, of materials that are inexpensive. And yet with such it is possible to display the most remarkable and instructive of the phenomena by which the principles of the science are proved. Dr. STOCKHARDT will have the thanks of all the science-loving youth in England added to those he has already so largely received from the youth of Germany. But no small measure of praise is due to Dr. PEIRCE for his excellent translation, and last, but not least, three times three cheers for Mr. BOHN, who has supplied this delightful book at a price which will enable every Student of Chemistry to make it his own, for he has placed it in his Scientific Library, and almost every page of it has an illustrative wood-cut, so that the experimentalist can see how he is to go to work.

A Geological Inquiry respecting the Water-bearing Strata of the Country around London, with reference especially to the Water Supply of the Metropolis. By JOSEPH PRESTWICH, Jun. London: Van Voorst.

As this volume will have but a limited interest, and our readers are found in all parts of the United Kingdom, we do not purpose to review it so fully as its merits might otherwise deserve. A short outline of its contents must suffice.

Having described the Geology of the country about London, and stated what are the Geological conditions affecting the value of the water-bearing deposits, the author proceeds to a minute survey of the extent and structure of the different deposits, from which he deduces certain general inferences as to the relation between the actual and the effective superficial areas of those deposits; the fall of rain, and the quantity infiltrating beneath the surface, the power of absorption, and the permeability of the strata; and, lastly, as to the volume, dimensions, and capacity for water of the strata. The next division is devoted to *Theoretical Considerations*, as effects of disturbances, the probable depth beneath London of the upper and lower green-sands, the height to which the water from them would probably rise, and its quality. His conclusion is in favour of Artesian Wells.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memorials of Sir Francis Chantrey, R. A., Sculptor, in Hallamshire and Elsewhere. By JOHN HOLLAND: Longman and Co.

HAD SHERIDAN and JOHN HOLLAND been contemporaries, we should certainly have said that the latter had afforded the subject for the noted wit's portrait of one who, finically fond of minutiae, dragged them in at all times, however irrelevantly:—"Sir, if he were describing a pheasant, you would have every feather pulled to pieces from head to tail; nothing would escape him; and, after all, he would describe the bird, not as an ornithologist, but like—a poulterer!" Without any sympathy of mind, with the genius of CHANTREY, the memorialist has ransacked every archive connected with the birth, parentage, and education of the sculptor, though with especial reference to Hallamshire, or the district around Sheffield—the "elsewhere," being "nowhere," and has compiled a book which every one dislikes, yet everyone is glad of. The latter, why? because it relates to a man who possessed genius with moral activity—who raised Art from her debasement by recovering Nature; and who read to the young, in every walk of life, this lesson—that no one need be a cipher in existence who has the will to add his individual worth to the nothingness of his position, and thereby change the nought into the decimal!

Genius cannot die: compress it, and, like gun-cotton, it explodes: but it must be the genius of solid moral appreciation, which knows it has a duty to fulfil, and fulfils it, and does not expect to be fed and clothed—aye! and sometimes even its vices to be winked at by the world—whilst it indulges in selfish idealism, or evaporates in the verbose sensuality of thought. The son of an idle carpenter, himself following a trade irksome to his nature, unhappy at home, and with no friends of influence sufficient to promote his advancement, CHANTREY yet became a prophet, even in his own country, and proved the truth that, whilst "the world knows not how to spare, it seldom blames unjustly," but pronounces, sooner or later, the fiat of fame on that talent which has proved its worthiness of a people's distinction, by being worthy of itself.

We shall first address ourselves to the book as a compilation, then to the subject of it. The former must be regarded as affording materials

for some future biography, since the present records, as regards the later years of CHANTREY's life, are very meagre. Mr. HOLLAND is a Hallamshire man, and, whilst evincing an ultra degree of admiration for such relics as are attached to his district, seems determined to circumscribe his hero within the limits of his own native accessible sources of information. Socially speaking, "Ne sutor," &c., is his motto. The book is of the order "puffy," abounding in bombastic rhodomontade, which shows no more affinity to the pure simplicity of CHANTREY's mind, than ADDISON's English to the Turk's Arabic, with whom he tells us his conversation was thereby limited to "a bow and a grimace." Besides, there is a continual tilting match going on in these pages against unfortunate Mr. JONES, the author of *Recollections of Chantrey*, with whom Mr. HOLLAND first shakes hands—expressive of his sincere respect—after the manner of "other" boxers, and immediately proceeds to knock him down;—the consequence of his numerous contradictions being, that the public are left in a glorious uncertainty as to even the dates of the hero's birth and marriage, whilst Mr. HOLLAND, in his anxiety to prove the errors of his "respected" opponent, commits continual inaccuracies himself. We forgive him these, however, having Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM's and other records to refer to; some of which Mr. HOLLAND has used without knowing the authors from whom they emanated; but, when he favours us with misspelled Latin, he extinguishes our lenity at once, and jealousy for the insulted dignity of "*Propria quæ Maribus*," forbids us to indulge him further. Let but the reader cast his eye over but a few passages in the book where the name of JONES appears, and he will find ample proof that our remarks upon Mr. HOLLAND's hypercriticism of the former, have not been nearly so remorseless as his persecution of his predecessor, whom he follows up and down, like the ghost of a bad action, or his own inaccuracies deserve.

The book is divided into six parts:—"The Boyhood of Genius;" "Chantrey as a Portrait Painter;" "Pen and Pencil Sketches;" "The Sculptor in Sheffield;" "London Life and Works;" and "Mortuary Memorials;"—these last are but few, and unsatisfactory. Though the style is bad, yet it is redeemed by some shrewd and sensible observations; and from the whole, we are able to condense the following narrative of one who must ever be regarded with esteem for his numerous and striking virtues as a man, and, artistically, for having rescued pure taste and natural beauty from the meretricious ornament by which, during the previous generation, they had been overlaid.

FRANCIS CHANTREY, son of a carpenter of the same name, and of SARAH, daughter of MARTIN LEGGITT, was born at Norton, in Derbyshire, 1781 (not 1782, as hitherto reported), on the 7th April. His father, who was a farmer in conjunction with his other trade, appears to have preferred taking "his pipe and pot" on the settle of a tavern, to the domestic fireside, and died when his son was (saith JONES) eight, HOLLAND (triumphantly citing the gravestone), twelve, years of age; both authors combating as to whether he did, or did not, during his life, give his son, if not a proper example, yet at least a good education. It is, however, agreed *nem. con.*, that his occupation at this time, was driving an ass laden with milk-barrels, between Sheffield and Norton, until his mother, yet in her weeds, having married JOH HALE, a servant at Jordanthorpe, who had "made his mark" to the defunct's will, his home grew so distasteful to young FRANCIS, that he was promoted by his stepfather to an employment with the latter's friend, EBENEZER BIRKS, whence, at his earnest request, he was removed to an apprenticeship with a carver and gilder, Mr. ROBERT RAMSAY, of Sheffield, to whom Mr. HOLLAND has discovered he was bound for seven years, though, on his coming to the age of twenty-one, CHANTREY determined to cancel his indentures, and Mr. JENKINS, a farmer of Haylebarrow, paid the fifty pounds forfeit. We may here remark, that he never forgave his mother for her second marriage, and though we shall have occasion to notice his filial attention to her throughout her life, yet he never addressed his letters to her otherwise than as Mrs. CHANTREY, and sent his stockbroker to see her buried. These facts are not noticed by Mr. HOLLAND; to testify, however, to that gentleman's minuteness, he has searched the books of the village pedagogue, and ascertained that FRANCIS CHANTREY began to read with him 16th April, 1787; to write, January, 1788; and to cast accounts, October, 1792.

At the time, however, of his leaving the grocer, and his coming to his majority (April 7, 1802), we find him preparing to enter the lists as a candidate for the honours and employment of a portrait painter; and on the 22nd of the same month appeared the following advertisement in *The Sheffield Iris*:

F. Chantrey, with all due deference, begs permission to inform the ladies and gentlemen of Sheffield and its vicinity that, during his stay here, he wishes to employ his time in taking of Portraits in crayons and miniatures, at the pleasure of the person who shall do him the honour to sit. F. C. though a young artist, has had the opportunity of acquiring improvement from a strict attention to the works and productions of Messrs Smith, Arnold, &c., gentlemen of eminence. He trusts in being happy to produce good and satisfactory likenesses, and no exertion shall be wanting on his part to render his humble efforts deserving some small share of public patronage. Terms—from two to three guineas. 24, Paradise Square.

Neither individual nor domestic pride, however, could break through the modesty of the Hallamshire worthies; they refused to be rescued from oblivion, though previous to this advertisement the young limner had painted some few sketches, his highest fee being from a pastrycook, whose singular addition to the usual remuneration will be seen below. We extract only a few from the list as most identified with the artist's position at the time:

1. F. Chantrey; cabinet head, in crayons; very neat—about twenty years of age, in sky-blue coat: the artist's memento of himself, his profession, and his progress, left with his mother when he first went to London, and retained by her as long as she lived. In the possession of John Read, Esq., of Greenhill, near Norton.

3. Robert Fox, son of Thomas Fox, Chantrey's schoolmaster at Norton. This portrait, and that of Thomas Fox, by Chantrey also, are at Norton, and belong to Mr. Fox, schoolmaster, son of Thomas Fox. They are the only portraits by Chantrey which occupy their original position. "In this room," says the worthy pedagogue, with laudable complacency, "the late Sir Francis spent many an hour at nights and mornings with my father and us."

5, 6. Old Man and Woman, formerly of Norton. Heads, life size, in crayons; in the possession of Miss Shore, of Meersbrook. Upon the back of one of the pictures is the following memorandum, from the pen of Samuel Shore, Esq., of Norton Hall, for whom the portraits were painted. "This picture represents Samuel Daken, who completed 94 years the latter end of November, 1800. He was formerly a gardener."

Done by Francis Chantrey, a self-taught youth of Norton Parish.

24. James Montgomery, the poet; head and shoulders, life size, in oil. "Of the many portraits which have been painted of this charming poet, none of them," says Mr. Holland, "strike me as conveying the intellectual expression of our venerated townsman in the early vigour of life so satisfactorily as this by Chantrey."

33. Mr. John Law, formerly a silver cutler, Sheffield; a miniature; the price of which, Chantrey said, was the first guinea he ever received for the exercise of his pencil. In the possession of Mrs. Taylor, Rotherham.

52. The late Benjamin Walker, confectioner, Church Gates, Sheffield; a young man, full face, in oil, but rather tamely executed, of the brownish tint which prevails in other of Chantrey's portraits. Price paid to the artist, 5*l.* and a pair of topboots!

In 1802 CHANTREY left Sheffield and came to London as the great emporium of distinction, where he was welcomed by an uncle and aunt, who lived in Curzon-street, May Fair, as butler and housekeeper to a Mrs. D'OYLEY, granddaughter to the celebrated Sir HANS SLOANE. Not only did the good couple, whose name was WALE, give him money, but Mrs. D'OYLEY ordered his uncle daily to place him a plate on the table, and moreover, to let him have a room on the premises in which to work. "Painting," as Mr. HOLLAND tells us, "being the first love of his genius, as well as the earliest source of its pecuniary recompense, he was apparently only diverted from its full pursuit, by one of those fortunate accidents upon which the destiny of an individual so often seems to turn." Still employment came but slowly, and in 1804 he again sends out "a refresher" to the flagging sympathies of his native shire, having the same year become an exhibitor, for the first time, at the Royal Academy, whither he had sent a bust of his uncle and future father-in-law, Mrs. D'OYLEY's butler. We quote *The Sheffield Iris*, 18th October, 1804:

Sculpture and Portrait Painting.—F. Chantrey

respectfully solicits the patronage of the ladies and gentlemen of Sheffield and its environs, in the above arts during the recess of the Royal Academy, which he hopes to merit from the specimens he has to offer to their attention at his apartments, No. 14, Norfolk Street. As models from life are not generally attempted in the country, F. C. hopes to meet the liberal sentiments of an impartial public.

Whether the name of the Royal Academy prevailed in his favour, or whether the Sheffield notables preferred to live in plaster rather than oil, this time his advertisement was successful, and a bust modelled after death, of a much loved vicar of the town, raised him at once to the post of provincial PRAXITELES, and has given an opportunity to Mr. HOLLAND to dilate over a host of the great obscure of Hallamshire. CHANTREY returned to his kind friends in London, whence in 1807 we find him thus writing to a Sheffield acquaintance:

At this time I have in my room eight portraits, some of them nearly finished—twenty guineas each, which answers better than painting portraits in Sheffield for five guineas each. I attend the Academy every evening, from six to eight o'clock.

In 1809 a finishing stroke was put to the security of his success by his marriage with the only child of Mr. and Mrs. WALE, with whom he obtained at first 1,000*l.* and altogether 10,000*l.*—which we wrest from the bickering grasp of JONES and HOLLAND—sufficient money to purchase a house in Pimlico, where he erected the same studio which afterwards his works so widely celebrated; he was on the high road to fame though still obliged to study economy:

My dear fellow, you know the difficulties that surround a young man, and I may truly say—I am in the midst of them! Orders increase, and marble costs money. I am sure that you will be glad to hear that I have some faint hope of having General [Sir John] Moore's monument to execute. I have made a model. My busts for the Naval Asylum, Greenwich, are finished, and much approved.

Nothing came amiss to his talents: now the drawing in crayons, and carving and gilding frames, to the most humble walk in the upholsterer's art, and the mahogany urn-stand possessed by Mr. ROGERS, and recognised by CHANTREY years afterwards as his production, he ever seemed to feel happy only when at labour. "FRANK," used RAMSAY to say of his apprentice boy, "is incorrigible," because of his not going to bed with the rest of the household, yet adds Mr. HOLLAND, "neither master nor servant ever suspected he had been anywhere but in his obscure studio, drawing, modelling or poring over anatomical plates." In later years, still "an early mover, labouring in summer time before sunrise, he had not forgot his early and intense application; with a candle in the front of his hat and a chisel in his hand, we have seen him at midnight and far in the morning, employed in finishing some of his principal works." These are the men who defy circumstances—that excuse for the idle and incompetent—and whom adversity can never shelve!

We shall conclude with some general extracts, illustrative of his peculiar feelings and characteristics, and first of his filial attention:

It is a gratifying fact that Chantrey's mother lived to see her son attain the full enjoyment of his celebrity; occupying the first place in rank among the sculptors of his native country, and, of course, continuing to share, as she had long done, whatever comforts his ample pecuniary means could place within her reach. Chantrey was not only anxious that his mother should enjoy comfort which his abundant means and filial respect provided for her, but he wished her also to show such decent hospitality as became her station, to the old friends and neighbours of the family. His letters to her uniformly advise the arrival of some "good things" at Jordanthorpe; but more interesting to me than his description of the contents of hampers and the halves of bank-notes, and even Lady Chantrey's orders of Norton "oatcakes" for her husband, are such expressions as the following:—"I trust, when you get the wine, you will drink it: you must know that you are not now young, and that you require a good deal more comfort than you used to do; and you do know very well that you can have plenty."—F. CHANTREY.

A curious reference of the nephew's plastic talent, to the aunt's proficiency in pie crust:

With Mrs. Hall resided for several years her elder maiden sister, Miss Leggit, who died December 13, 1819, aged 78. She had formerly been housekeeper for the

too-celebrated Marchioness of Hertford. This aunt, as she certainly possessed skill in moulding paste, butter, and sugar into ornaments for the dinner-table, has also, as we have seen, had her share of credit in giving the first turn to her nephew's taste for the plastic art. The chief difficulty in the way of this tradition, is the necessity of conceiving the old lady's pie-crust lessons to have produced their alleged effect on her nephew when he was actually a student in the Royal Academy! About two years before her death, Mrs. Hall paid a visit to London, accompanied by her kind friend, Miss Jenkins, now Mrs. Bunting, of Norton; and we may imagine the emotions of the venerable mother on her first introduction to the sumptuous saloons and striking "image chambers" of her celebrated son at Eccleston Place.

Lastly, of the violent phase of his existence when transformed, "only for this once," into a violent political partizan, he laboured under a strong attack of the BURDETT fever:

Oh! that you, and Bromhead [a Sheffield Reformer,] and Gale Jones, and five hundred such like, were now in parliament; my ears would not be stunned with the sound of the drum beating to arms! which is this moment the case: and where the consequences will end I cannot pretend to say. Sir Francis is snug in his own house. I have with difficulty, and not without danger, this evening passed through Piccadilly, where he lives. The street, on each side, is lined with Foot Guards, and the Horse parade in the middle; the remainder of the Guards are under arms in St. James's Park, and report says the Oxford Blues are ordered from Windsor. Most of the volunteers are under arms to-night. Every precaution is taken to prevent the people from assembling—or rather excite curiosity and cause a mob. Much is apprehended, and the mob seems encouraged by the delay which has taken place in not removing Sir F. to the Tower. The reason is not generally known; some say the King refuses to sign the warrant, and the cop-stable—Earl Moira—cannot admit the prisoner without. Should this be the case, it will be another striking instance of the foresight of that high and truly honourable house!

The cloud shows the brightness, the flaw the contrasting purity of the alabaster! More eminent virtues, mingled with fewer failings, seldom fell to the lot of any candidate for public honour or a nation's approval, than met together in FRANCIS CHANTREY: no great man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, yet his excellence, and the dignity of his mind, have prevailed over even the glaring light shed over his most private hours, by the searching scrutiny of such a biographer! There has been nothing like it since the days of ACHILLES and PATROCLUS!

The Life of John Sterling. By THOMAS CARLYLE. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.

[SECOND AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

We left STERLING taking orders as a Deacon of the Church of England, at the opening of his thirtieth year (1834), and settling as curate under his old friend and college tutor, JULIUS HARE, in "a reasonable house, in one of those leafy lanes in quiet Herstmonceux, on the edge of Pevensey level," in the county of Sussex, to wit. Perhaps it was about this time that the Reverend SYDNEY SMITH was being promoted to be a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's,—a reverend man who with transcendental candour has avowed that according to his belief the "chief end of man" is "not to glorify God" in any way, but to procure a sufficiency of "Roast Mutton and Maderia." Such a consideration would not, however, have in the least daunted STERLING, who entered the church with no view to promotion, canonical or uncanonical, but with the resolve, so far as might be, in the England and Sussex of the nineteenth century, to imitate the Apostle PAUL. So, during his eight months of ministration at Herstmonceux, he laboured hard towards that end; "he went about among the poor, the ignorant, and those that had need of help; zealously forwarded schools and beneficences; strove, with his whole might, to instruct and aid whosoever suffered consciously in body, or still worse unconsciously in mind." "How beautiful," adds CARLYLE, "would STERLING be in all this; rushing forward like a host toward victory; playing and pulsing like sunshine or soft lightning; busy at all hours to perform his part in abundant and superabundant measure." Yet he quitted the battle after eight months of it! "Work to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work,"—that command was ever present to STERLING; but may he not have forgotten this

other consideration, namely, that the millennium, according to the best computers, is still a long way off? Both of these things require to be kept in mind, and STERLING, perhaps, did not think sufficiently of the latter one; of which the man of the world is apt to think too much and too often. What SCHILLER calls the "tranquil rhythm of time" was too slow for STERLING; he would have had it converted into a brilliant and headlong battle-march! Then the medical men, too, said that his lungs would not admit of more preaching. Enough! Enough! In the autumn of 1835, we find him a gentleman at large in No. 5, Orme-square, Bayswater, "a sufficiently commodious, by no means sumptuous, small mansion; where with the means sure to him, he could calculate on finding adequate shelter for his family, his books and himself, and live in a decent manner, in no terror of debt for one thing. His income, I suppose, was not large; but he lived generally a safe distance within it; and showed himself always a man bountiful in money-matters, and taking no thought that way." Preaching he had by no means entirely abandoned, and he even during the spring of 1836 performed the morning-service in a Bayswater chapel for a young clerical neighbour, a slight acquaintance, who was sickly at the time; a feat, by the way, for which the doctor severely rebuked him.

Friends he had many, and chief among them, FREDERICK MAURICE, his old co-adjutor of *The Athenæum*, and who afterwards married a sister of his wife's. His studies were various, but chiefly theological, of NEANDER, THOLUCK, SCHLEIERMACHER, and the Germans of that school who had accepted the results of modern inquiry without surrendering orthodoxy. About them and kindred matters he kept up a close correspondence with Mr. HARE. But meanwhile he had formed a new acquaintance which was destined to influence him powerfully. A year or two before, CARLYLE, "amid the heathy wildernesses" had read *Arthur Coningsby* "sent by JOHN MILL," and "can still recollect the pleasant little episode it made in the solitude there." In the summer of 1834, he had met the father STERLING, "at Mrs. AUSTIN's in Bayswater, a stout broad gentleman, of sixty, perpendicular in attitude, rather showily dressed, and of gracious, ingenious, and slightly elaborate manners," already a principal writer in *The Times*, and between whom and whose wife, on the one hand, and CARLYLE and his wife on the other, there soon was formed a friendly intimacy. Finally, in the February of 1835, after STERLING had quitted the curacy, the biographer first had sight of the biographee.

A TRIO OF NOTABILITIES AT THE INDIA HOUSE.

It was on this, his February expedition to London, that I first saw Sterling, at the India House incidentally, one afternoon, where I found him in company with John Mill, whom I happened, like himself, to be visiting for a few minutes. The sight of one whose fine qualities I had often heard of lately was interesting enough; and, on the whole, proved not disappointing, though it was the translation of dream into facts, that is of poetry into prose, and showed its unrhymed side withal. A loose, careless-looking, thin figure, in careless dim costume, sat, in a lounging posture, carelessly and copiously talking. I was struck with the kindly but restless, swift-glancing eyes, which looked as if the spirits were all out coursing like a pack of merry, eager beagles, beating every bush. The brow, rather sloping in form, was not of imposing character, though again the head was longish, which is always the best sign of intellect; the physiognomy in general indicated animation rather than strength.

We talked rapidly of various unmemorable things. * * * His address, I perceived, was abrupt, unceremonious; probably not at all disinclined to logic, and capable of dashing in on you like a charge of Cossacks, on occasion; but it was also eminently ingenious, social, guileless. We did all very well together; and Sterling and I walked westward in company, choosing whatever lanes or quietest streets there were, as far as Knightsbridge, where our roads parted; talking on moralities, theological philosophies; arguing copiously, but except in opinion not disagreeing.

Of JOHN MILL and his affairs, attentive readers of *The Critic* and of Mr. HERODOTUS SMITH's lucubrations therein,* know already something. The India House is still a literary resort. If you are a presentable young literary gentleman, people say to you:—"Do you know JOHN MILL?" "No!" "Then I'll take and introduce you to him at the India House," an invitation which you

make use of, according as you are not merely a presentable, but a *pushing* young literary gentleman!

The acquaintance thus begun soon ripened into an intimacy which was interrupted only by the death of STERLING, who frequently, in his letters to CARLYLE, many of which are printed here, affectionately acknowledges its value to him—a value which CARLYLE cheerfully acknowledges to have been reciprocal. "The same sentiments, different opinions," ROUSSEAU declared to be the best raw material of friendship, and this likeness in unlikeness characterized the two minds now brought into contact. A friendly controversy, earnest, however, no less than friendly, on THOLUCK and Co. *versus* GOETHE and Co., poetry *versus* prose, CROMWELL, MIRABEAU, DANTON, Art, and so forth; a controversy, like that of two soldiers fighting heartily for the same cause, but at issue respecting the character of their generals, and the details of strategy and manœuvre. When STERLING was away, a hearty correspondence was kept up; when he was in town, they were much personally together at each others' houses, or at the father's;—in walks and rides often. And there is, in the present volume, a description of the two geniuses in a cab, rattling through London streets by night, in high and high-toned discourse amid the Babel-roar, and with frequent stoppages on STERLING's part, like which there has been no journeying since FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and the Will-o'-the-Wisp sang their way together up the Hartz to the Witches' meeting on the Brocken!

Before going on with the sketch of STERLING's henceforth ever changeable career, let us pause to insert from various parts of the book, a few passages descriptive of him as he lived, and looked, and was. First, a careful account of

HIS LOOK AND VOICE.

Sterling was of rather slim but well-boned wiry figure; perhaps an inch or two from six feet in height, of blonde complexion, without colour, yet not pale or sickly; dark blonde hair, copious enough, which he usually wore short. The general aspect of him indicated freedom, perfect spontaneity, with a certain careless natural grace. In his apparel, you could notice he affected dim colours, easy shapes, cleanly always, yet even in this not fastidious or conspicuous: he sat or stood, oftenest, in loose sloping postures; walked with long strides, body carelessly bent, head flung eagerly forward, right hand perhaps grasping a cane, and rather by the middle to swing it, than by the end to use it otherwise. An attitude of frank, cheerful impetuosity, of hopeful speed and alacrity; which indeed his physiognomy, on all sides of it, offered as the chief expression. Alacrity, velocity, joyous ardour, dwelt in the eyes too, which were of brownish grey, full of bright kindly life, rapid and frank rather than deep or strong. A smile, half of kindly impatience, half of real mirth, often sat on his face. The head was long, high over the vertex, in the brow, of fair breadth, but not high for such a man.

And then his "Voice:"

In the voice, which was of good tenor sort, rapid and strikingly distinct, powerful too, and except in some of the higher notes harmonious, there was a clear—ringing metallic tone, which I often thought was wonderfully physiognomic. A certain splendour, beautiful, but not the deepest or the softest, which I would call a splendour as of burnished metal; fiery valour of heart, swift decisive insight and utterance, then a turn for brilliant elegance, also for ostentation, rashness &c. &c., in short a flash as of clear glancing, sharp-cutting steel, lay in the whole nature of the man, in his heart and in his intellect, marking alike the excellence and the limits of them both.

This is of the outside; the following is on the relations between inner and outer. His "disease," we have already said, was pulmonary:

GOOD AND EVIL OF HIS TEMPERAMENT.

Sterling's bodily disease was the expression, under physical conditions, of the too vehement life which, under the moral, the intellectual, and other aspects, incessantly struggled within him. Too vehement; which would have required a frame of oak and iron to contain it: in a thin though most wiry body of flesh and bone; it incessantly "wore holes," and so found outlet for itself. He could take no rest, he had never learned that art; he was as we often reproached him, fatally incapable of sitting still. Rapidity, as of pulsing auroras, as of dancing lightning; rapidity in all forms characterized him. This which was his bane in many senses, being the real origin of his disorder and of such continual necessity to move and change, was also his antidote, so far as antidote there might be;

enabling him to love change, and to snatch as few others could have done, from the waste chaotic years, all tumbled into ruin by incessant change, what hours and minutes of available turned up. He had an incredible facility of labour. He flashed with most piercing glance into a subject; gathered it up into organic utterability, with truly wonderful despatch, considering the success and truth attained; and threw it on paper with a swift felicity, ingenuity, brilliancy, and general excellence, of which under such conditions of swiftness, I have never seen a parallel. Essentially an *improviser* genius; as his father too was, and of admirable completeness he too, though under a very different form.

And now let us look at him as he was at Bayswater, and partly ever afterwards, whether settled or wandering. His "busy"-ness is with THOLUCK, NEANDER, and Company:

STERLING IN SOCIETY.

He looked happy as well as busy; roamed extensively among his friends, and loved to have them about him,—chiefly old Cambridge comrades now settling into occupations in the world;—and was felt by all friends, by myself as by few, to be a welcome illumination in the dim whirl of things. A man of altogether social and human ways; his address everywhere pleasant and enlivening. A certain smile of thin but genuine laughter, we might say, hung gracefully over all he said and did; expressing gracefully, according to the model of this epoch, the stoical pocourantism which is required of the cultivated Englishman. Such laughter in him was not deep, but neither was it false (as lamentably happens often); and the cheerfulness it went to symbolise was hearty and beautiful, visible in the silent unsymbolised state in a still gracefuller fashion. * * * A beautiful childlike soul! He was naturally a favourite in conversation, especially with all who had any funds for conversing: frank and direct, yet polite and delicate withal,—though at times too he could crackle with his dexterous petulancies, making the air all like needles round you; and there was no end to his logic when you excited it; no end, unless in some form of silence on your part. Elderly men of reputation I have sometimes known offended by him: for he took a frank way in the matter of talk; spoke freely out of him, freely listening to what others spoke, with a kind of "hail fellow well met" feeling; and carelessly measured a man much less by his reputed account in the bank of wit, or in any other bank, than by what the man had to show for himself in the shape of real spiritual cash on occasion. But withal there was ever a fine element of natural courtesy in Sterling; his deliberate demeanour to acknowledged superiors was fine and graceful; his apologies and the like, when in a fit of repentance he felt commanded to apologize, were full of naivety, and very pretty and ingenious.

Two years only of a pleasant "Life in London" were now allotted to STERLING; for, towards the spring of 1836, his old complaint returned with dangerous violence, and, in the autumn, we find him in the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux, in the large, then unoccupied, country-mansion of an uncle of his wife's—a rich merchant of those parts. Here the health improved again, in the kindly climate; and there were curiosities, too, all about; for it is the "South of France," with "its Gascon ways, the Garonne, *Garunna* river, the Gironde, and MONTAIGNE's country." He visited MONTAIGNE's house, his notes of which visit he afterwards inserted in his essay on "Montaigne," in *The London and Westminster*; and he did little jobs of personal research in the Gironde country for CARLYLE, then writing his *French Revolution*. He wrote "happy-looking letters," to all and sundry, and, more important still, his longish poem of *The Sexton's Daughter*, almost his first purely literary production since *Arthur Coningsby*, and in which CARLYLE discovers a happy escape from the element of the Tholucks and Schleiermachers to "Nature's blue skies, and awful eternal verities." September of the following year, he was in England again, settled in a little cottage on Blackheath; the *Sexton's Daughter* was sent to Professor WILSON who eagerly greeted this new contributor, and the doors of JOHN MILL's Review, *The London and Westminster*, were naturally flung open to receive him. Next winter, Madeira was his resting-place, where he wrote his novel, the *Onyx-Ring*, printed in *Blackwood*, to our mind the best of all his pieces. His then notion of GOETHE is there under the name of WALSHINGHAM, and his then notion of CARLYLE under the name of COLLINS; both of which notions he lived considerably to mend, for both are caricatures, though not unbeautiful caricatures. Back in England again in the spring of 1838, wherever he lived he was *eye* on the wing to London, where in the autumn of the year he

* See "The Periodical and Newspaper Press," No. III. "The Westminster Review"—CRITIC, No. 249.

founded the Anonymous Club, afterwards called in honour of its founder, the Sterling Club, "under which latter name, it once lately, for a time, owing to the Religious newspapers, became rather famous in the world." A monthly dinner of distinguished or socially elevated men, of all creeds and parties—that was and is the Sterling Club. The secretary, Mr. SPEDDING, is known as the possible biographer of BACON; and among the members, past or present, may be mentioned TENNYSON, the Poet Laureate, CARLYLE, the Bishop of St. David's, EASTLAKE the painter, Archdeacon HARE, CORNEWALL LEWIS, JOHN MILL, MONCKTON MILNES, the present Lord ASHBURTON, Mr. PHILIP PUSEY, the member for Berkshire, and, of course, the founder himself. How far STERLING was instrumental in bringing together men so different does not appear; instrumental in some way he must have been, and constituted, as English society at present is, the Sterling Club is not the least meritorious of his works. To enjoy it himself, was not, however, long granted him, for the usual ill-health sent him off to Italy, from which there are many pleasant letters given. In the ensuing summer of 1839 we find him at Clifton, near Bristol, "with its soft southern winds and high cheerful situation," where he remained till the ensuing winter. Here he had and made various prized friends, among the rest FRANCIS NEWMAN, "then and still," says CARLYLE, "an ardently inquiring soul, of fine university and other attainments, of sharp-cutting restlessly advancing intellect, and the mildest pious enthusiasm; whose worth, since better known to all the world, STERLING highly estimated; and, indeed, practically testified the same; having by will appointed him, some years hence, guardian to his eldest son, which pious function Mr. NEWMAN now successfully discharges." With literature, too, he was ever busy, for *Blackwood* and the *London and Westminster*, to which latter he now contributed the noted essay on his present biographer, and concerning it let us hear

CARLYLE ON STERLING'S PAPER ON HIMSELF.

What its effect on the public was I knew not, and know not; but remember well, and may here be permitted to acknowledge, the deep silent joy, not of a weak or ignoble nature, which it gave to myself in my then mood and situation; as it well might. The first generous human recognition, expressed with heroic emphasis, and clear conviction visible amid its fiery exaggeration, that one's poor battle in this world is not quite a mad and futile, that it is perhaps a worthy and manful one, which will come to something yet: this fact is a memorable one in every history; and for me Sterling, often enough the stiff gainsayer in our private communings, was the doer of this. The thought burnt in me like a lamp, for several days; lighting up into a kind of heroic splendour the sad volcanic wrecks, abysses and convulsions of said poor battle; and secretly I was very grateful to my daring friend, and am still, and ought to be. What the public might be thinking about him and his adacities, and me in consequence, or whether it thought at all, I never learned or much heeded to learn.

This article, although it showed STERLING to be a deep and grateful admirer of CARLYLE, did not fail to indicate many points of difference between the two; and CARLYLE hints that their controversies were still sharp and frequent. On one vexed question, however, the character of GOETHE, STERLING had clearly given in or was fast giving in; whereby, however, arose new controversies, or deepening of old ones, about poetry, verses, prose, art, and the like. For if GOETHE was so unspeakably great, we may fancy STERLING saying, why should not I follow him afar off, and write poetry too? To which CARLYLE felt obliged to give the unpleasant reply, that however astonishing STERLING's facility at verse-making, he was not a poet—for as to the other wild answers and denunciations of "fiddling talent" and "jingle," they are clearly as applicable to GOETHE as to STERLING! To STERLING, however, the "fiddling talent" was, with his broken health, death visibly marching on him at no great distance, the one solace left, and in diligently cultivating it he spent the best studious hours of his later years. He published a little volume of "Poems" at the end of 1839, dedicated to HARE; and although they fell still-born from the press, was noway discouraged, but girt up his loins for new efforts in the same department. The two next years, his residence fluctuated between Falmouth, Torquay, and Clifton, his mind steadily bent on a sort of mock-heroic poem, *The Election*, and on his Tragedy of

Strafford. Falmouth for its society, "the well-known Quaker family of the FOXES," and for itself he loved well—"open cheery heights, rather bare of wood; fresh south-western breezes; a brisk, laughing sea, swept by industrious sails, and the nets of a most stalwart, wholesome, frank, and interesting population; the clean little fishing, trading, and packet town, hanging on its slope towards the eastern sun, close on the waters of its basin and intricate bay, with the miniature Pendennis castle seaward on the right, the miniature St. Mawes, landward to the left, and the mining world and the farming world open boundlessly to the rear: all this made a pleasant outlook and environment." What with literature, society, a little beneficence, and a visit to Italy and Naples, the winter of 1843 was safely reached. There are a few lines in one of his letters of this period on one celebrated man, which must not be omitted:

STERLING'S IMPRESSIONS OF LOCKHART.

July 1st, 1842. "Lockhart of *The Quarterly Review* I have made my first oral acquaintance with; and found him as neat, clear and cutting a brain as you would expect; but with an amount of knowledge, good-nature, and liberal anti-bigotry that would much surprise many. The tone of his children towards him seemed to me decisive of his real kindness. He quite agreed with me as to the threatening seriousness of our present social perplexities, and the necessity and difficulty of doing something effectual for so satisfying the manual multitude as not to overthrow all legal security.

LOCKHART, like HARE and CARLYLE, were consulted as to STRAFFORD. CARLYLE had nothing good to say, HARE was eulogistic, and LOCKHART "spoke kindly, though taking exceptions."

It is at this point of STERLING's biography that CARLYLE intercalates an account and a defence of what the father, Captain EDWARD, had been doing all these years. "After many battles he had reached his field of conquest, and was to be regarded as a victorious man. Wealth sufficient, increasing not diminishing, had rewarded his labours in *The Times* * * * A singular figure of the epoch; and when you came to know him, which it was easy to fail of doing if you had not eyes and candid insight, a gallant, truly gifted, and manful figure of his kind." But in the spring of 1843, misfortunes came thick on the Captain and his son. Within a week of the April of that year, JOHN's wife and mother were dead, and JOHN himself by "lifting a table," had not long before, burst a blood-vessel. Falmouth was now a sorrowful place to him, and rich in wealth, by his mother's death, but poor in aught else, he removed to beautiful Ventnor in the Isle of Wight, to a house and grounds for the first time his own. His *Election*, published anonymously, had met with no favour; nor did any success attend his fine tragedy of *Strafford*. Nevertheless he had begun and steadily prosecuted a new epic of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, which CARLYLE himself felt bound in some measure to approve. With or without encouragement, he was resolute to persevere in poetry, and did persevere. When I think now of his modest quiet steadfastness in this business of poetry; how, in spite of friend and foe, he silently persisted without wavering, in the form of utterance he had chosen for himself; and to what length he carried it, and vindicated himself against us all, his character comes out in a new light to me, with more of a certain central inflexibility and noble silent resolution than I had elsewhere noticed in it." But let us hasten to the close of this sad history. With another year in the April of 1844, another blood-vessel broke, and STERLING knew that he was about to die. He still wrote and read, took charge of all that was needful, and not till the 18th September was he what we call "no more."

CLOSE.

In Sterling's writings and actions, were they capable of being well read, we consider that there is for all true hearts, and especially for young noble seekers, and strivers towards what is highest, a mirror in which some shadow of themselves and of their immeasurably complex arena will profitably present itself. Here, also, is one encompassed and struggling even as they now are. This man also had said to himself, not in mere catechism words, but with all his instincts, and the question thrilled in every nerve of him, and pulsed in every drop of his blood. "What is the chief end of man? Behold, I too would live and work as becometh a denizen of this Universe, a child of the highest God. By what means is a noble life still possible for me here? Ye Heavens and thou Earth, oh, how!" The history

of this long-continued prayer and endeavour, lasting in various figures for near forty years, may now and for some time coming have something to say for men!

Nay, what of men or of the world? Here, visible to myself, for some while, was a brilliant human presence, distinguishable, honourable, and loveable amid the dim common population; among the million little beautiful, once more a beautiful human soul; whom I, among others, recognised and lovingly walked with, while the years and hours were. Sitting now by his tomb in thoughtful mood, the new times-bring a new duty for me. "Why write the life of Sterling?" I imagine I had a commission higher than the world's, the dictate of Nature herself, to do what is now done. *Sic proposit.*

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Khartoum, and the Blue and White Niles. By GEORGE MELLY. In 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

Scinde; or the Unhappy Valley. By Lieut. R. F. BURTON, Bombay Army. In 2 vols. London.

MR. MELLY's work is, as he informs us in his preface, nothing more than a transcript from a journal kept by him during a tour in Egypt and Nubia, undertaken in company with other members of his family only a few months ago. The excuse for its publication is the interest excited in the public mind by the projected railway across the isthmus of Suez, and the political difficulties thence arising. The latest and fullest account of the country, to which attention is thus for the moment directed, will, doubtless, be acceptable and secure for this narrative all to which it aspires, a temporary popularity, as supplying a sudden and temporary demand for information on this particular subject.

It was in September of last year that our traveller, with his father, mother, brother and sister, quitted Trieste, resolved upon the somewhat venturesome exploit of a visit to the junction of the Blue and White Niles in Nubia, a country never before explored by English ladies. Passing rapidly over the voyage, he asks us to land with him at Alexandria, of which a short but graphic description is given. Then they proceed slowly up the Nile to Cairo, of which we have a more detailed account, extending through several chapters. Embarking again upon the Nile with "eager impatience for the wonders it was to disclose," they imagined themselves to have thrown off their "last hold of society," and "crossed the confines of barbarism." The very first night he was awakened by something heavy on his feet, and in the moonlight he beheld three enormous rats seated comfortably on the coverlet of his bed! It will not be necessary to follow them over the route so often traversed and described, up to the region of the Pyramids: the interest of the journey to the reader will commence with the second volume, where they quit the river, and, mounted on camels, enter the great Nubian desert. From this point their adventures are full of attractions, because full of novelty. They found, however, very few difficulties, although many discomforts: the people were obliging and honest; anxious to show civilities to the strangers and to give them all possible aid and information. At Khartoum, which was the birthplace of the hippopotamus in the Regent's Park, they were informed that there was a great demand just now for these animals, and that Mr. WALLACE, Her Majesty's consul had offered 1,000*l.* for two of them. The travellers obtained a passing glimpse of one which in the distance "looked like a black rock." Among the curiosities beheld by Mr. MELLY was a very remarkable case of

MESMERISM IN NUBIA.

To have such a science as mesmerism flourishing anywhere, is a curious and somewhat perplexing thing, but to have it flourishing in Nubia, here, in the remote district of Berber, is, it must be confessed, a curiosity of the most ultra-curious character. Wonderful as this is, it is a fact that there is in this town a man who has mesmerized trances, during which he discloses the most secret doings of any one who chooses to consult him. The difference between the Nubian and European mesmerism is, that in the former there are no preliminary passes, none of those wonderful manipulations that are elsewhere found necessary to put the patient in rapport with the inquirer. In this instance, by long fasting and solitude the individual mesmerizes himself; that is, he contrives without any outward operation to put himself in a trance or sleep, when he becomes in the proper condition to do all sorts of marvels, many of which are quite as startling as anything accomplished by the most successful operators in England, France, and Germany.

We had already had some slight taste of his quality, for, on our arrival, he had stated that Ali Bey Hassib might be expected hourly, but he had predicted that that gentleman would not arrive till the day after the morrow; and he was right. I therefore felt sufficient interest to examine his *modus operandi*. He is an extraordinarily handsome man, with eyes so remarkably sweet in their expression, that they ought to have belonged to a woman; about six feet high, very well proportioned, and of a clear coppery complexion. He wears a cotton blanket, and a scarf gracefully disposed, and without a doubt is the most striking of the many striking figures I have seen in Nubia. When asked a difficult question he retires, at it were, within himself, falls into a kind of fit, and then gives his answer. Sometimes with a degree of correctness strangely surprising; at others, with a degree of blundering that surprises people a great deal less.

Ali Bey Hassib has put the Seer's wonderful qualities to the test more than once. On the occasion of a Bey arriving at Berber, he shut the man up in a room, and then the stranger asked him questions respecting himself. The Seer first of all put himself into the mesmeric state, then begins to relate the private history of his questioner, with a fidelity that much astonished that gentleman and made his friend, the governor of Berber, extremely uncomfortable. He stated how the Bey had been banished, what was his offence, how he had left his wife and family, with various little matters of detail, that however strange they may have been, were very far from edifying.

A Frenchman here consulted him under similar circumstances; he was informed that his brother was in the 6th Chasseurs, and that France was a beautiful country, well cultivated and well governed. A description, satisfactory no doubt, to the poor exile, but open to doubts of its accuracy from every other quarter. The next subjects the Seer got upon were railroads and steam-boats; and here he appeared to be much more at home, giving accounts that were wonderful to hear in so remote a corner of the globe. He never drinks any intoxicating liquor, and, except when mentally excited, is remarkably effeminate-looking. "Take him for all in all," I very much doubt that we shall look upon his like again.

A truly Eastern sketch is that of

THE DERVISHES.

I witnessed a curious religious ceremony at the college of Dervishes. Entering a large court-yard I found between twenty and thirty persons seated on cane divans, smoking pipes, and apparently waiting the time appointed for commencing the service. A young boy offered me a seat, and invited me to take a pipe and some coffee, so unlimited and so spontaneous are Eastern hospitality and courtesy, displayed even to utter strangers, in the most public places. After a considerable interval we all took off our shoes, and entered a spacious hall, rising to a dome of great height, and hung round with knives, bucklers, and bows. Five Dervishes were seated in a circle in the centre, on sheepskins; and round the sides of the hall, bear and tiger skins were spread for visitors. The Dervishes were now joined by others, and by a crowd of devotees, on which they all began a low and rather monotonous chant, though the effect, from the union of so many voices, was not inharmonious. The Dervishes now numbered thirteen, but the devotees, who seemed equally zealous, amounted to twenty-four, and were composed of a captain in the army, a jannissary, three or four soldiers, several men in rich dresses, and a residue of beggars. Gradually their tones rose higher, and they marked time with a motion of the body, swinging gently from side to side. As the chanting grew louder, the swinging became more violent, till, after an interval of about half an hour, they suddenly became silent, and, jumping to their feet, threw off their coats and waistcoats, and ranged themselves in a row, still standing on the sheepskins. The singing was now resumed, and the whole party began to swing their heads backwards and forwards; at first gently, but gradually declining lower and lower both before and behind, till their heads almost touched the ground each way at every oscillation. So rapid was the motion, that I counted fifty declinations in a minute.

From time to time the Dervishes left their places, in regular rotation, and, rushing into the circle, incited the devotees to accelerate their movements, seizing each fanatic by the hands, and making him a profound bow. Suddenly a Dervish darted round, and tore from every head its cap or turban, which he flung into a heap in the middle of the hall. On this two half naked negroes started up, and whirled furiously round on one toe, keeping their arms outstretched, and moving so rapidly, that the eye could scarcely follow them. In about a quarter of an hour they stopped with the same abruptness, but only for an instant, when they commenced jumping to and fro, sometimes rising three feet from the ground, and one young dervish, who joined in the exhibition, performed feats that would have astounded

Risley. This ended the first heat, which so exhausted the performers, that when, after a brief interval, the second act commenced, only nine entered the lists, and these fell to four in the third. As a dénouement, one of the most zealous, who had been worked into a perfect frenzy, endeavoured to kill himself, by dashing his head against the wall. Being prevented from accomplishing his design, he made a rush at me, and it was with some difficulty I avoided him. All the others, however, seemed calm and serious, and I particularly remarked the grave demeanour of the soldiers, whom I saw go home very quietly, beguiling the way with their pipes. I then left the place myself, after paying about a shilling towards the entertainment."

Often as the bazaars have been described, we do not remember to have seen so characteristic an account of the shopkeepers as this:

SHOPPING IN CAIRO.

But though not stared at, the moment I accosted any of the merchants, they replied to me in the kindest manner, and I was invited to sit on the divan and smoke the best pipe, whilst gold filigree coffee-cups were despatched for the thickest coffee, which made its appearance in the most complimentary quantities. My hosts did not talk much, and were very laconic in their replies to my questions as to the state of the nation. They inquired after our ladies, but had I made any such inquiry of them, they would have deemed it an unpardonable liberty. They were, however, very communicative about their children, and, from what I could learn, they all had a beautiful daughter at home. I went sometimes with the dragoman, and sometimes alone, when, indeed, I was best received, though I could only converse by signs, and this amused them much. But I soon picked up a few words, and at once the word "taib," good, on which I told an old Turk it was the only word wanted there, as all was "taib." He immediately set to work unlocking case after case for my amusement, displaying among other precious things, the most rare slippers, which I was afterwards told were worn by ladies in bed. They were one mass of pearls, and cost about 40*l.* a pair. I was shown handkerchiefs of the Parisian open work, in every stitch of which was a pearl, rendering the article entirely useless; and mouth-pieces of amber were produced, varying in price from 100*l.* to 150*l.*, the value being thus raised by diamonds, mounted in the gold rings between the joints.

I was never tired of this old man, and I saw him very often. He always addressed me as the "Cavaghi," a word which I had at first suspected to mean "dog of a Christian," but was subsequently persuaded, meant "Illustrious stranger." He never seemed to expect me to buy anything, which, indeed, I never did, but was content to see others do. A lady, very richly dressed, came to him one day, and negotiated for a pair of pearl slippers. She began by talking of all sorts of things, and then offered about one-third of the price named. The Turk turned to me, and a long smoke ensued, when he came down a fourth, and she came up after another interval, to within about 6*l.* of his last offer, and then she went off with the slippers, having stood the best part of an hour. While the negotiation was in progress, I offered her my seat, but she did not seem to have the least idea of what I meant, and stared at me with her beautiful but expressionless eyes, as if she thought me extremely restless.

It seems that the desert is not so lifeless as we are wont to think it. There is something to see even there besides sand, according to the experience of our travellers. This is Mr. MELLY's description of

CROSSING THE DESERT.

Our first encampment had considerable pretensions to the picturesque. I was pitched beside a small lake with rocky banks, a portion of the Nile, where the date-trees looked luxuriantly verdant, and the refreshing aspect of the water suggested the bath I was very soon enjoying. The three white tents were arranged in a semicircle, another being formed by the numerous boxes. A principal object was the fire, bearing four or five copper pans, in which our dinner was cooking. Standing by, were the swarthy Arabs, peeling onions and potatoes like English kitchen-maids; a little further on, a group of camels were devouring fresh-cut grass, whilst their drivers, at a convenient distance in another group, were eating, with equal relish, dates and bread. On the other side, the other camels and their drivers were similarly occupied. Near me, fifty hens were proceeding to devour the beans that had been scattered for them, displaying a most pugacious spirit at every heap, and making a prodigious noise and fluttering, to show their enjoyment of their liberty. The turkeys had selected the top of the hen-coop for their own place of rest, but some of the hens appeared to entertain the same ideas of its comfort, and then the former took violent measures to dispossess the intruders. The next morning, we began our first regular day's journey

during a beautiful sunrise, and with a deliciously cool atmosphere. We saw a covey of partridges, but they were out of shot; then another came flying over head. We dismounted, to hold acquaintance with a third, and managed to kill a brace, though they are so extremely difficult to approach, that we rarely got within forty yards of them. They were very like our friends of the species in England, but smaller in size, and stronger in flavour. Our road led us across numberless hills interrupted by plains of sand, thickly strewn with white quartz, and granite of a very crumbly nature, the quartz resembling pieces of common soap. A small gum caravan, and the partridges, were the only living creatures we met. We found, however, many traces of hyenas, gazelles, jackalls, and of a larger species of vulture, which had, no doubt, assisted in preparing the numerous skeletons that lay far and wide over the hills. On the third day, after passing over a succession of hills, divided by valleys of very deep sand, we arrived at Iamrich, where there is a small temple on the top of a hill overlooking the river, which is very narrow, and rushes between high black rocks with prodigious force. This temple consists of one oblong chamber, about fifteen yards in length, built of large stones, covered with hieroglyphics inside and out. On both sides there is a species of covered balcony, supported by columns, three square ones on one side, and one fluted round one on the other, and pedestals remain for two more. The interior is in excellent preservation; the border round the side looking remarkably gay, with its bright red, green and yellow. There are numerous hieroglyphics still retaining the sharpness of their original carving, particularly those with the gondola, the paddle, and other features, reminding us strongly of our old acquaintance at Venice. While our antiquarian enthusiasm was at its height, our attention was directed to a wounded jackall ascending the opposite hill, pursued by a crow, pecking at him as he ran. In a moment, Egypt and her wonderful relics were forgotten. We pocketed our dilettanteism with the greatest possible despatch, and, followed by a Bedouin chief from the neighbouring village, my brother and I set off in pursuit. The chase was very severe, but the scent, *i. e.*, footsteps in the sand, was good, and we passed hill and dale at a clipping pace for about half-an-hour, when we ran our game to earth in a narrow valley, among a heap of huge stones. He gave chase again, while I mounted a hill to mark down a covey of partridges, and I saw him stealing along the opposite hill; but, though I followed at full speed, after ascending two of the hills, I found it such hard work, that I was forced to give in, dead beat. My brother, however, kept up the chase half-an-hour longer, being rewarded every now and then, for his perseverance by a sight of his game. At last, he found himself on a rock, but of the whereabouts of the jackall, he had not the most remote conception; when suddenly the fellow started up almost at his feet, and was walking away, apparently quite at his leisure, when the gun was levelled at his head. Three caps were exploded in succession—the rifle would not go off, and the jackall did; so we returned to the temple, very little satisfied with our experience of hunting in the desert. Among the sculptures we found the names of Wilkinson, Holroyd, Hanbury, Leposs, and Hyde. In such good company, I was proud to inscribe my own. The Bedouins did not manifest much curiosity in seeing European ladies, though they beheld them for the first time; but, as they never exhibit any feelings whatever, this apparent indifference was not so surprising. We heard of ruins upon an island on the river, which some travellers had recently visited; but the account of them that was related to us, did not sufficiently excite our curiosity to induce us to dare the rays of the blazing sun or the dazzling waters of the river. Soon after resuming our journey, we discovered three eagles making a repast on a camel, whose demise had been more recent than that of his brethren, whose bones lay bleaching on the sand. My brother killed one of these birds. It was of a white and black colour, with a yellow beak, and a handsome crest, and measured five feet five inches from tip to tip. We passed a fine vein of quartz, and a considerable tract of country, covered with what very much resembled petrified forests; also a hill, having the appearance of an immense pile of slates, with vast quantities of the same useful material scattered about. The road was hard and stony all the way.

Probably some of our readers will remember Mr. BURTON's *Goa and the Blue Mountains*, of which we were unable to speak very favourably. His *Scinde* is, however, in all respects an improvement, the hints of the reviewers have not been lost upon him, and he will find the advantage of condescending to learn. His style is more sober; there is less effort to say smart things—more reality and substance pervade his pages. He appears now to be writing because he has something to say, and not merely for making a book.

Moreover, he has a far more interesting subject to write about. *Scinde* has a great interest for

English readers, and, although in itself it is an unattractive country, its associations are many, and we desire to know as much as words can convey to us of its aspect, and of the manners and character of its inhabitants. These Lieutenant BURTON has diligently sought for, and with a success that will secure for his present work more popularity than was the lot of his former one.

We have, however, one formidable objection to it. Instead of a plain narrative of what he has seen and heard, he has employed the machinery of a fiction, introducing to us, as if he had been really a fellow traveller, one Mr. BULL, with whom imaginary conversations are sustained, who meets with imaginary adventures, and whose descriptions may be, for aught we know, as imaginary as himself. Our objection to this kind of half-travel, half-novel, is, that it is difficult for the reader to ascertain the precise boundary between the fact and the fiction, and it offers an almost irresistible temptation to the author to colour highly, if not actually to invent, when his fiction requires something more than the sober truth to give it interest. Hence, the reader is beset with doubts as to the trustworthiness of that which he is perusing, and looks with suspicion upon everything he is told. We have felt this very strongly in the perusal of the volumes before us; and the more so, because of the ability with which they are written, the author's skill enabling him so to dovetail fact and fiction, that it is impossible for the keenest eye to discover the limits of each. We adduce two or three passages, but without being able to inform our readers how far they can be relied upon.

Among the many miseries of "the Unhappy Valley," is

A DUST STORM.

When we arose in the morning the sky was lowering, the air dark; the wind blew in puffs, and—unusual enough at this time of the year—it felt raw and searching. If you took the trouble to look towards the hills about eight A.M., you might have seen a towering column of sand from the rocky hills mixed with powdered silt from the arid plains, flying away fast as it could from angry puffing Boreas.

The gale increases—blast pursuing blast, roaring and sweeping round the walls, and over the roofs of the houses, with the frantic violence of a typhoon. There is a horror in the sound, and then the prospect from the windows! It reminds one of Firdausi's vast idea, that one layer has been trampled off earth and added to the coats of the firmament. You close every aperture and inlet, in the hope of escaping the most distressing part of the phenomenon. Save yourself the trouble, all such measures are useless. The finer particles with which the atmosphere is laden would pass without difficulty through the eye of a needle; judge what comfortable thoroughfares they must find the chinks of these warped doors and the crannies of the puttyless munnions.

It seems as though the dust recognised in our persons kindred matter. Our heads are powdered over in five minutes; our eyes, unless we sit with closed lids, feel as if a dash of cayenne had been administered to them; we sneeze like schoolboys after a first pinch of "black-guard;" our epidermises are grittier than a loaf of provincial French bread, and washing would only be a mockery of resisting the irremediable evil.

Now, Mr. Bull, if you wish to let your friends and old cronies at home see something of the produce of the East, call for lighted candles and sit down to compose an "overland letter." It will take you at least two hours and a-half to finish the four pages, as the pen becomes clogged and the paper covered every few minutes; moreover, your spectacles require wiping at least as often as your quill does. By the time the missive comes to hand, it will contain a neat little cake of Indus mud and Scinde sand moulded in the form of the paper. Tell Mrs. Bull that you went without your tiffin—lunch, I mean—that you tried to sleep, but the novel sensation of being powdered all over made the attempt an abortive one,—that it is impossible to cook during a dust storm,—and that you are in for a modification of your favourite "intramural sepulture," if the gale continues much longer. However your days are safe enough; the wind will probably fall about five or six in the afternoon,—it is rare that it does not go down with the sun—and even should it continue during the night, it will be a farce compared to what we are enduring now.

This is an amusing sketch of

EASTERN ETIQUETTE.

Whenever anything is said to you, you will be pleased to stroke your beard gravely, with the right hand, for goodness' sake! frown a little, roll your head much with a heavy ferocious roll, and ejaculate syllable by syllable,

Alhamdu lillah, 'Praise to the Lord,'—*apropos de rien*. When a man shows you anything admirable, such as his horse, or his son, you will perform the same pantomime, and change your words to Mashallah, or "What the Lord pleases," (*subaudi*, "be done"): mind, if you do not, and if any accident happen to the thing praised, your commendation will be considered the cause of it. Whatever action you undertake, such as rising from your seat or sitting down, calling for your pipe or dismissing its bearer, beginning or ending dinner, in fact, on all active occasions, you must not forget to pronounce Bismillah, "In the name of the Lord," with as much pomposity as you can infuse into your utterance. By this means you will be considered a grave and reverend personage; *au reste*, by moving your head much and slowly, by looking dully wise, seldom smiling, and above all things by strictly following the Bishop of Bristol's "First Rule of Conversation"—Silence—you will do remarkably well for a stranger. The next question our Oriental puts concerning you is, "does he know *adab*, or politeness?" here equivalent to ceremonial. You would scarcely believe how much these few words involve. It is, I believe, almost always in the power of a European diplomatist sent on a mission to an Eastern court, by mere manner to effect or to fail in the object which his government desires. Manners, literally understood, still make the man here. Sir John Malcolm well understood this when as Elchi—ambassador—to Teheran, he drilled his *corps diplomatique* to their salaams as carefully and regularly as a manager his *corps de ballet*. Orientals do not dislike our English manners, our brusquerie, our roughness, if it may be called so; but to please them, indeed not to offend them in deadly guise, it must be gentlemanly brusquerie, native and genuine, *sans malice et sans arrière pensée*; it must be "well-placed," not the result of ignorance, and not "antipathetic." Otherwise it is a dead failure, and the consequences of such failures in the diplomatic field extend far. Even in our humble capacity of travellers, Mr. John Bull, we must, if we wish to be comfortable, attend a little to what we ought to do and to what we ought not to do in society. If we would not be thought "peculiar"—Orientals hate that almost as much as Englishmen—we must not "walk the quarter-deck," and set every one around us ejaculating—"Wonderful are the works of Allah! Behold! That Frank is trudging about when he can, if he pleases, sit still!" We must not gesticulate at all when conversing, otherwise we shall see a look of apprehension on every countenance, and hear each man asking his neighbour, whether we be low fellows, or labouring under a temporary aberration of intellect, or drunk. Standing up, we must not cross our arms over our chests—in Europe this is *à la Napoléon*, in the East it is the posture of a slave. When walking it is advisable to place one hand, not both, upon the hip; or we may carry a five-foot-long ebony staff shod with ivory: this patriarchal affair provokes respect; a switch or a horsewhip would induce the query—"Are they keepers of dogs?" Sitting down, Turkish or tailor fashion—the most easy and enduring attitude—we must be careful to remain quiet for a decent space of time; if we move about uneasily every ten minutes, we shall not fail to hear the observation—"Wallah! They have no dignity!" And if musically inclined, we may hum a little in a low voice, and with a solemn manner. We must, however, avoid the main error of a great traveller—whistling. Our native friends have no name for the offensive practice in their dialect, and the greater part of them being superstitious would probably consider it the peculiar modulation of the voice in which a white-faced man is in the habit of conversing with Satan.

If true, there is certainly something of genuine English dare-devilism in this narrative of

AN ALLIGATOR HUNT.

In the dark recess formed by a small bridge built over the narrow brick canal which supplies the swamp, and concealed from eyes profane by the warm, blueish, sulphureous stream, lurks the grisly monarch of the place. An unhappy kid is slaughtered with the usual religious formula, and its life-blood is allowed to flow as a libation into the depths below. A gurgling and a bubbling of the waters forewarn us that their tenant has acknowledged the compliment, and presently a huge snout and a slimy crimson case, fringed with portentous fangs, protrude from the yawning surface.

"Wah! wah!—hooray! hooray!" shouts the surrounding crowd, intensely excited, when Mr. Peacock, after being aroused into full activity, as his fierce, flashing, little eyes and uneasy movements denote, by a succession of vigorous pokes and pushes with a bamboo pole, condescends to snap at and swallow the hind quarter of a young goat temptingly held within an inch of his nose.

Now there will be something to laugh at. Out of the neighbouring tent sallies a small but select body of subalterns, in strange hats and stranger coats. They are surrounded by a pack of rakish-looking bull terriers, yelping and dancing their joy at escaping from the

thralldom of the kuttewala. There is a gun, too, in the party.

They seem just now at a loss what to do. They wander listlessly among the date trees, wink at the ladies, "chaff" the old fakir a little, offer up the usual goat, and playfully endeavour to ram the bamboo pole down Mr. Peacock's throat. The showman remonstrates, and they inform him, in a corrupt dialect of "the Moors," that he is an "old muf."

A barking and a hoarse roaring from below attract their attention: they hurry down towards the swamp, and find their dogs occupied in disturbing the repose of its possessors.

"At him, Trim! go it, Pincher! five to one in gold mohurs that Snap doesn't funk the fellow; hist'at 't, Snap!"

Snap's owner is right, but the wretched little quadruped happens to come within the sweep of a juvenile alligator's tail, which with one lash sends him flying through the air into the "middle of next week."

Bang! bang!

And two ounces of shot salute Snap's murderer's eyes and ears. Ticked by the salutation, the little monster, with a curious attempt at agility, plunges into his native bog, grunting as if he had a grievance.

Again the old fakir, issuing from his sanctus,—that white dome on the rock which towers high above the straggling grove,—finds fault with the nature of the proceedings. This time, however, he receives a rupee and a bottle of cognac,—the respectable senior would throttle his father, or sell his mother, for a little more. So he retires in high glee, warning his generous friends that the beasts are very ferocious and addicted to biting.

When "larking" does commence, somehow or other it is very difficult to cut its career short. No sooner does the keeper of the lines disappear, than the truth of his caution is canvassed and generally doubted. The chief of the sceptics, a beardless boy about seventeen, short, thin, and cock-nosed,—in fact the very model of a guardsman,—proposes to demonstrate by experiment "what confounded nonsense the chap was talking." A "draw it mild, old fellow," fixes his intentions.

The ensign turns round to take a run at the bog, looks to see that his shoes are tightly tied, and charges the place right gallantly, now planting his foot upon one of the little tufts of rank grass which protrude from the muddy water, now lighting on an alligator's back, now sticking for a moment in the black mire, now hopping dexterously off a sesquipedalian snout. He reaches the other side with a whole skin, although his pantaloons have suffered a little from a vicious bite; narrow escapes, as one may imagine, he has had, but pale ale and plentiful pluck are powerful preservers.

A crowd assembles about the spot; the exultation of success seems to turn the young gentleman's head. He proposes an alligator ride, is again laughed to scorn, and again runs off, with mind made up, to the tent. A moment afterwards he reappears, carrying a huge steel fork and a sharp hook, strong and sharp, with the body of a fowl quivering on one end, and a stout cord attached to the other. He lashes his line carefully round one of the palm trees, and commences plying the water for a mugur.

A brute nearly twenty feet long, a real Saurian every inch of him, takes the bait and finds himself in a predicament; he must either disgorge a savoury morsel, or remain a prisoner; and for a moment or two he makes the ignoble choice. He pulls, however, like a thoroughbred bull-dog, shakes his head, as if he wished to shed it, and lashes his tail with the energy of a shark who is being beaten to death with capstan bars.

In a moment young Waterton is seated, like an elephant driver, upon the thick neck of the reptile, who not being accustomed to carry such weight, at once sacrifices his fowl, and running off with his rider, makes for the morass. On the way, at times, he slackens his zigzag, wriggling course, and attempts a bite, but the prongs of the steel fork, well rammed into the soft skin of his neck, muzzles him effectually enough. And just as the steed is plunging into his own element, the jockey springs actively up, leaps on one side, avoids a terrific lash from the serrated tail, and again escapes better than he deserves.

Our many lady readers will doubtless be amused with this account of

A SCINDIAN LADY'S DRESS.

Observe, she stands before you in her Burka—ungraceful prototype of the most graceful mantilla—which has frequently, and not inaptly, been compared to a shroud. Its breadth at the shoulders, narrowing off towards the feet, makes it look uncommonly like a coffin covered with canvass: the romantically inclined detect a "solemn and unlike appearance in the costume," and the superstitious opine that the figure thus arrayed "looks like a ghost." The material is thick cotton cloth, which ought to be white, but is like a Sulist's frock, "*d'une blancheur problématique*." A

strip of coarse net, worked lattice-wise, with the small *œils de bœuf* opposite the eyes, covers and conceals the face. This article is a great test of "respectability," and is worn in token of much modesty and decorum. Satirical Scindians, however, are in the habit of declaring that it is a bit of rank prudery, and that the wearer of the Burka, so far from being better, is generally a little worse than her neighbours. Our lady is very strict, you may see, in "keeping up appearances;" for in addition to the mantilla, she wears out of doors a long wide cotton *Paro*, or petticoat, for fear that chance should expose the tips of her crimsoned toes to a strange man's gaze.

She is now in her in-door costume. Over her head, extending down to the waist behind, is a veil of Tattah silk, with a rich edging, the whole of red colour, to denote that the wearer is a "happy wife." The next garment is a long wide shift, opening in front, somewhat after the fashion of a Frenchman's blouse; the hanging sleeves are enormous, and a richly-worked band or gorget confines it round the throat. At this season of the year it is made of expensive brocade, in summer Multan muslin would be the fashionable stuff. There are no stays to spoil the shape; their *locum tenens* is a harmless spencer or bodice of velvet, fitting as tight as possible to the form, concealing the bosom, and fastening behind. The "terminations," of blue satin, are huge bags, very wide behind, to act as *polisson* or *crinoline*, and narrowing towards the extremities sufficiently to prevent their falling over the foot. These are gathered in at the ankles, and correct taste requires this part to be so tight that our lady never takes less than twenty minutes to invest her fair limbs in her *Sutthan*, or pantaloons. I must call upon you to admire the *Naro*, or trowser-string: it is a cord of silk and gold, plaited together with a circle of pearls at both ends, surrounding a ruby or some such stone, set in wire, concealed by the coils of the pendant extremities. Concludes the toilette with sippers, a leathern sole, destitute of hind-quarters, whose tiny vamp hardly covers the toes: its ornaments are large tufts of floss silk, various coloured foils, wings of green beetles, embroidered, or seed pearls sowed upon a bright cloth ground. To see the wearer tripping and stumbling at every second step, you would imagine that the Scindian, like the subject of the Celestial Empire, had knowingly put a limit to his lady's power of locomotion. But no, sir, it is only "the fashion"—licensed ridiculousness.

A red silk veil, a frock of white muslin, through which peeps a bodice of crimson velvet and blue satin pantaloons: own that though the lady's costume is utterly at variance with *Le Follet*, and would drive *Le Petit Courier* into a state of demency, it is by no means wanting in a certain picturesque attractiveness.

Spain as it is. By G. A. HOSKINS, Esq., Author of "Travels in Ethiopia," &c. In 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

Madriena; or, Pictures of Spanish Life. By H. DRUMMOND WOLFF. London: Bentley. 1851.

Pitcairn's Island and the Islanders in 1850. By WALTER BRODIE. London: Whittaker.

The Six Colonies of New Zealand. By WILLIAM FOX. London.

The Southern Districts of New Zealand. By E. SHORTLAND, M.A.

Transatlantic Rambles. By a RUGBEAN.
(Continued from page 481.)

Mr. Fox is a barrister who emigrated to New Zealand in 1840, to pursue together the professions of Law and Agriculture. He was successful in the former, at least, for he obtained the honourable office of Attorney-General of the Southern Province; but, being dissatisfied with the delay of the Colonial office in granting the Colonists self-government, he resigned, and undertook the more lucrative post of Agent for the New Zealand Company at Wellington, and then he was deputed to go to England, to represent the colonists in their claims upon the Government here. The work is valuable, as the careful production of one who has had access to the best sources of information, and opportunities for observation which only a resident can enjoy, and, therefore, to intending emigrants it will be a useful, as well as an interesting, publication. It is full of facts and figures, but, for the purpose of a notice here, the less useful portions are more attractive to us. This is an account of the famous native chief

RAUPERAHA.

Rauperaha has been often described. His cruel treatment of his enemies, whom he seduced on board a ship, hanging them by hooks through their thumbs,

cutting them to pieces, and boiling them for food in the ship's coppers; his treachery to his relation Te Pahi, whom in the critical moment of battle he deserted, securing thereby his own elevation to the chieftainship of the tribe; and the part which he bore in the Wairau massacre, are the leading events by which his name has become familiar to the English reader. After the latter event, he placed himself under missionary protection; and by pretending conversion and likening himself to St. Paul, he succeeded in hoodwinking his protectors, and through them persuading the government of his fidelity, at the very time that he was supplying Ranghiaeta, the open rebel, with arms and ammunition. Detected, seized, and imprisoned on board the Calliope frigate, he was released at the end of a twelvemonth, and handed over to the chief of the Waikatos, who became bail for his good behaviour. Carried by him to the North, he was upbraided with his misfortunes by Teiaia the man-eater, while the more generous Te Whero-where endeavoured to soothe his affliction. After a few months he was permitted to return to Otaki, the place of his tribe. There he resumed his pretensions to sanctity. "I saw," says an intelligent but newly arrived clergyman, who visited him at this time, "amongst the other men of note, the old and once powerful chief Rauperaha; who, notwithstanding his great age of more than eighty years, is seldom missed from his class; and who, after a long life of perpetual turmoil spent in all the savage excitement of cruel and bloody wars, is now to be seen every morning in his accustomed place, repeating those blessed truths which teach him to love the Lord with all his heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, and his neighbour as himself." Those who knew Rauperaha better, may perhaps doubt whether the *Æthiop* had so completely changed his skin as to justify the belief in which an enlarged charity, exercised by an amiable man, thus led its possessor to indulge. A few days before his death, when suffering under the malady which carried him off, two settlers called to see him. While there, a neighbouring missionary came in and offered him the consolations of religion. Rauperaha demeaned himself in a manner highly becoming such an occasion; but the moment the missionary was gone, he turned to his other visitors and said, "What is the use of all that nonsense? that will do my belly no good." He then turned the conversation on the Wanganui races, where one of his guests had been running a horse.

MR. SHORTLAND'S description of the *Southern Districts of New Zealand*, is more attractive to the general reader, but not so substantially informing, nor of such utility to the emigrant, as the carefully-compiled volume of the ex-Attorney-General. His acquaintance with the locality was formed in the course of a coasting voyage through the group of islands in the bay, from Banks's Peninsula to Foveaux's Straits, returning by a land route, with excursions into the most interesting localities near which he passed, and in the course of which he formed a familiar acquaintance with the aspects of the country, and with the manners of the people, both aborigines and that anomalous population which has been formed along the coasts of most of the South Sea Islands by deserters from European ships. He appears to have taken particular pains to learn the customs of the natives, and pushed his inquiries into their government, laws, and social and political organization, on which travellers are usually silent, either from ignorance of their importance, or the difficulty of procuring information. For these, MR. SHORTLAND'S book deserves attention, and we recommend it to reading societies and book-clubs, as having more *freshness* than any recent account of the great island, which is now attracting to its shores the best classes of our own crowded community.

He thus describes the treatment of

WOMEN IN NEW ZEALAND.

Their position, it is true, will not bear comparison with that generally enjoyed by the weaker sex in more civilized countries; but it never appeared to me to be nearly so bad as described in the following sentence:—"The most severe and painful labour falls on them; they bear heavy weights, and do nearly all the field-work, besides all the work in-doors; they are literally treated as beasts of burden. It is to be feared that the missionaries, having for the most part been struck with the enormity of those grosser practices which they deemed peculiarly sinful, have in their teaching neglected other no less essential moralities."

No one, I feel certain, would have recorded such an opinion who had ever seen the New Zealanders dragging their large canoes from the woods where they were built, a distance often of many miles, to the nearest river, or felling and burning timber in order to prepare ground for cultivation. Such work is the peculiar province of the males. It is the duty of the female to

prepare baskets for the crop, and when packed to assist in carrying it home; but this latter work is chiefly performed by slaves of both sexes; for New Zealand has its privileged class of females, who are principally occupied in weaving mats, in domestic cares, and other sorts of employments more suited to their sex.

There are powerful (superstitious) motives which forbid a New Zealand gentleman to allow a basket of food to come in contact with his back; and for that reason the women and slaves are most frequently seen carrying potatoes for sale about the European settlements. But view him under other circumstances, stripped, and prepared to exert his strength in felling the trees of the forest, and you will acknowledge that he does his share of labour manfully.

How far the missionaries might have succeeded in prevailing on the New Zealanders to discontinue the practice of making their women carry heavy loads on their backs, and in inculcating other "no less essential moralities," it is difficult to judge. But before we suffer our human sympathies to blame any of them on this account, we should not forget that a great deal of labour equally unbecoming the sex is performed by women even in our own country. Witness the heavy loads constantly carried to Covent Garden market on the heads of Welshwomen; witness also the condition of the female apprentice very generally in our farm-houses: for if it is from the omission to teach such an essential morality that the New Zealand women are now to be seen carrying the heavy loads on their backs, what must have been the omissions of our own clergy and Dissenting ministers?

In the course of a journey into the interior, MR. SHORTLAND fell in with

THE BISHOP OF NEW ZEALAND.

We had lit our fire, and were engaged pitching the tent or collecting drift-wood, in order to make our quarters as comfortable as might be, when we were surprised to see at a distance a man alone, dressed in European clothes, coming towards us along the beach. My natives soon distinguished the peculiar form of his hat, and pronounced him to be Bishop Selwyn; and so he proved to be. His Lordship, wishing to find a desirable resting-place for the night, had outstripped his native attendants. These soon began to appear by twos and threes, and seemed equally surprised and pleased with ourselves at the unexpected meeting. His Lordship invited me to sup with him, and gave me the names and distances of the principal rivers and resting-places, from Pireka, in Banks's Peninsula, where he had commenced his journey, to this place. I was able to do him a similar service in respect to the remainder of his journey as far as Otakou; from which place he proposed to go by sea to Foveaux's Straits, and visit all the native settlements within his reach.

These remote parts had never before received religious instruction, except through the imperfect teaching of native missionaries; for although there was a Wesleyan missionary stationed at Waikouaiti, he had never extended his travels beyond Otakou or Moeraki.

Jan. 17.—After breakfast and prayers, our encampment was broken up, and we separated. Our stock of provisions had for some days been reduced to fern-root and dried fish, with tea and sugar. We now found ourselves better off by the addition of rice and flour; a contribution from the stores of the Bishop.

For some time after we parted, my natives continued to talk about Te Pihopa; repeating to me what they had heard from his Lordship's natives. The great physical power and energy he exhibited in walking and in fording rapid and dangerous rivers, even surpassing themselves in their own excellences, was matter of so much wonder, that they explained it by saying and believing that these qualities were the gift of God for this especial work.

My natives also took notice that the Bishop had not made any extemporary prayer at either evening or morning service; so that the remarks I had before made on this point, receiving so unexpected a support, were now thought more worthy of attention; and it was concluded that the practice of making a long voluntary prayer, which all the young men who aspired to be missionaries followed, must be a "pokanoa" or unauthorized piece of presumption.

The Rugbaean's notes are not worth the type and paper. They possess no attractions either of subject or style. A young man, fresh from college, spends twelve months in rambling about the New World, visiting, in true tourist fashion, the United States, Cuba, and the Brazils. Having taken notes of what he saw, he has been induced to print them; but he has little of novelty to offer, and his style is singularly commonplace—unlighted by a spark of imagination. Something, perhaps, is gained by this in accuracy, but no preciseness of detail will compensate to a reader for the absence of that glow of fancy which gives

colour and shape to all that it beholds, and thus transfers it vividly to the mind of the reader.

Just now, a peculiar interest is given to any description of Cuba. The following is one of the writer's best passages—a description of its capital:

HAVANNA.

After the traveller has examined the elegance and variety of the volantes, laughed at the intense confusion of the mule-waggons, whose wheels their drivers seem to make an especial point of locking together for the sake of producing every possible stoppage, and has sympathised with the groups of heavily chained criminals who are employed in mending their own ways and those of the town, overlooked by soldiers with bayonets and task-masters with whips, he has seen every strange sight which the streets can afford by day. At night it is quite different. The mule-drivers have gone to their homes, the criminals to their cells, the dust has subsided, a mild pale-eyed moon has superseded a sun that is not content without diffusing a temperature of 95°, and the streets are really pleasant. Then fashion stalks abroad, volantes dash about here and there, bearing their duos of beauties, veiled, indeed, but what can one thin layer of gauze avail against the flashings of their dark eyes. Other ladies, also, in all the pride of beauty and gorgeous evening dresses, have come to their iron-barred windows (which have all the appearance of the cages in Wombwell's menagerie, and hold beings as dangerous though not so deadly), and are to be seen engaged in conversation with knots of lounging young cavaliers, returning from the music of the Plaza des Aymer, and on their way for their accustomed ice and cup of coffee at Domenico's, the great café of the town. A passing peep through these bars gives one a great insight into the domestic economy of families. The father may be seen recumbent and snoring after the burden and heat of the day; the children, dark-eyed and malicious-looking, played on the floor; the gloomy figures of negroes flitting in the background, in connexion with coffee-cups and cigars, and the old duenna of the party, wrinkled and strikingly plain, wielding a huge fan with her fat dusky arms, swaying her person in a rocking chair, casting contemptuous glances at the groups in the windows as they whisper their soft nothings, and thinking no doubt of the olden time when she was a window attraction, and such delightful nothings were whispered to her. I was told that, owing to the prevalence of fasting during Lent, I should not see the opera, but this happily proved untrue. It seems that Lent does generally bring with it a cessation from these sort of amusements, but the manager having got Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" rehearsed and ready, thought it an excellent time to show conjointly his love of music, religion, and full houses, and accordingly applied to the Captain-General or Governor, who is the great potentate of the island, and much more absolute in his authority than even Queen Isabella, to grant him the licence requisite for its performance. This gentleman's jurisdiction embraces every person, from the police force to the opera corps. In opera affairs he is really of the greatest service to the public. If, for instance, a sullen basso, a capacious tenor, or a spoilt prima donna, gets up an indisposition, a sore throat, &c. at five minutes' notice, to suit some particular whim, or under the influence of the same feelings sings out of tune, though he or she be backed by the certificates of all the Brodies or Lococos of Cuba, nothing can prevent this prompt benefactor from arresting the offender, and signing an order for a week's meditation in jail. However, though he be the ruling man in the place, he is by no means the ruling power, as report will have it that he is quite subject to his wife, who is a very serious woman, and a close observer of the most minute requirements of her creed. As a matter of course she sets her face against the opera, and, of course so did her lord. "But suppose," urged the persevering manager, "that we call it 'El triunfo del fe' (the triumph of faith)!" "Ah! that's a good idea," said the lady; ditto, said her husband. This idea seemed to effect a happy combination of amusement and religion. "But," urged the lady, "the leading singer has to sing 'Morto al Papa' (death to the Pope); that will never do!" "But we can alter that," said the manager, "and he shall sing 'Viva al Papa' (long live the Pope)!" This alteration made matter, it did not interfere with the score, and the opera, with numerous excisions, was duly performed, to the intense delight of both audience and manager. People went to see it last Sunday after they had spent the morning at mass, the afternoon at a bull fight, and when they were looking forward to a masked ball as a grand finale to their Sabbath revelry.

Our readers have enjoyed some interesting accounts of literary soirées in London. They will probably be curious to see how they manage them in America:

A LITERARY SOIRÉE IN NEW YORK.

They were kind enough to take me to a literary

réunion given by one Miss —, an American authoress of some note, who always opens her house (N.B. Not the larder or cellar) on that evening, and to point out to me many of the notabilities in the New York world of letters. Many of them were real "lions," and not a few only wore the skin. The latter classes made themselves undesignedly very amusing, and were mostly little men, who had published and circulated a novel or two largely among their friends, which in their own opinions entitled them to turn down their shirt collars, allow their hair and beards to grow at random, and to assume the appearance of men in whom mind had become so predominant over body, as to render the latter quite a minor consideration. They did not open their lips all the evening, but were to be seen in pensive attitudes with their arms leaning on chimney pieces, and looking pleasantly at vacancy, or seated on solitary ottomans, contemplating the company with a sort of cynical stare. They wished, in fact, to be considered as living in an atmosphere of dreams, and nobody offered to disturb them. Mr. N. P. Willis, to whom I was introduced, afforded a very pleasant contrast to these little lions, and laughed and talked on many subjects like an ordinary being. Miss —, too, has nothing of the pedant, and very little of the professed "blue" about her, and though on the verge of forty, wound up the amusements of the evening by gracefully leading off in a polka. During the evening a "hush" was circulated all round the room, and on inquiry I found that a Herr something, very like Puddlewitz, "was going to play his thoughts," and forthwith a foreign gentleman with as much hair as one face could conveniently carry, sat down at the piano. From the nature of the music, I should say that Puddlewitz's thoughts were of a remarkably mild and sentimental nature, and not at all in keeping with his ferocious aspect. After the polka, the little lions began to rouse themselves and dispel the mental web which their thoughts had been working round them for the last two or three hours, and we all gradually dispersed.

Add to this

A SCENE AT LOWELL.

I went off early the next morning to have a day at Lowell, the Manchester of the United States. It, however, only resembles its great prototype so far as the trade is concerned; everything else about it is in strong contrast, and it seems the veritable fairy-land of factories. There is no smoke, water power being used universally, no dirt, no poverty, no wretchedness; everybody and everything else about it betokens happiness, cleanliness, and a full enjoyment of the comforts of this life. I watched a crowd of young work-people going to their dinner, and was perfectly astounded. Instead of the hatless and shoeless crowd which rattle along the streets of England with tin-cans in their hands, an orderly set of young ladies and gentlemen, the former dressed in smart shawls and visites, and worsted or straw bonnets with long green veils (one had a chate-laine), and the latter in Wellington boots, glazed caps, and Chesterfield coats, are to be seen sauntering homewards, conversing not in the language which would emanate from the lips of English piecers and winders, but on topics of deep interest, generally politics. I followed some of the girls, at a distance, to their lodgings, beautiful red brick houses of two stories in height, and caught glimpses of them through the windows. One of them positively laid aside her shawl, put on a light easy dressing-gown, dropped into a luxurious arm-chair, and began to con over a novel, while from another room I heard, almost simultaneously, the opening notes of a tune on a piano. These girls usually earn from 2½ to 5½ dollars per week (from nine to twenty shillings), and living is about half what it is in England. The population of Lowell is estimated at 35,000. There is a valuable library of 7000 volumes belonging to it, to which any one can have access by paying fifty cents. (2s. 1d.) per annum.

With this we conclude our rapid survey of the accumulated voyages and travels of the last two months.

FICTION.

Florence Sackville, or Self-Dependence; an Autobiography. By Mrs. BURBURY. In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

The Livingstones: A Story of Real Life. In 3 vols. London: Colburn & Co.

Cécile, or the Pervert. By the Author of "Rockingham," "Love and Ambition," &c. London: Colburn & Co.

Conviction: A Tale. By B. CLARKE, Esq. In 3 vols. London: Newby.

The Exhibition closed, there is a vacancy in the public mind. For a twelvemonth, the thoughts of all who think have been occupied with the Exhi-

bition, first, as a prospect, then, as a glorious presence. In the face of that formidable rival it was in vain to offer other novelties, and, least of all, a new book. It was not a time for reading. The most exciting fiction was tame and flat compared with the wondrous reality of the Crystal Palace. The wisest volume that could have been written by the wisest man would have been less pregnant with instruction than that miniature world gathered in Hyde Park. The publishers, therefore, prudently retired to wait a more hopeful season.

It has arrived at length. The vanishing away of the pageant of the summer has left a blank in the public mind which there is a desire to fill by occupations different from the active ones of the past season. We love now more than ever retirement from a crowd to the quiet of a home; we contemplate with a new zest the snug fire-side, the easy chair, the hissing urn, and an interesting novel. Authors and publishers, conscious of the revived demand, are coming forward with unusual supplies, and although the winter has not yet begun, and the autumn wanderers have scarcely settled themselves at home again, there is already provided for them a considerable choice of fictions, whose titles will be found at the head of this article and of which, for the assistance of our readers in their selection, we purpose to give a brief notice. But we must premise that we have no design to destroy pleasure by anticipatory telling of the plot of either of them. The fairest course to the authors, and the kindest to our readers, will be, merely to intimate our own honest opinion of their several merits, and with such an introduction to commit them to their fortunes in the lottery of literature.

But first we must say of all of them, that they are obnoxious to the complaint we have already, on a former occasion, preferred against all English novels,—a certain dull ponderousness or prosiness, in which they contrast so unfavourably with the spirit and lightness of French fiction. Let us not, however, be misunderstood as meaning to hold up the novels and novelists of France as models for imitation. So grievous are their sins against all that society holds most dear, that we would rather be sent to sleep by one of our own most drowsy writers than be amused and excited by such immoralities as disgrace the modern fiction of our neighbours. But there is no reason why we should not borrow something of their admirable skill in the construction of a story and agreeable manner of telling it, and we would earnestly urge upon our novelists the propriety of an effort to borrow from their neighbours some of their liveliness, and so take away the reproach that certainly attaches to English fiction.

With this exception, we have been very much pleased with *Florence Sackville*. It is considerably above the multitude of fictions in skilful plot-weaving, agreeable narrative, and sprightly dialogue. Assuming the form of an autobiography, it interests the reader, from the very opening, in the character and adventures of the heroine. As its title implies, it is designed to show the value of self-dependence, and the lesson is successfully taught, because it is naturally evolved from events that might well happen to any person; wherein it differs from most didactic fictions, which fail to convince, because the incidents are such as are only to be found in romance and therefore do not come home to real life and its business. Great artistic ability is shown in the gradual development of *Florence's* solid character, and although some of those by whom she is surrounded are more shadowy and indefinite, it must be pronounced to be upon the whole a work of more than common merit, that will add much to the reputation of the authoress. Had we space for them, we might extract many passages of reflection and description that would interest our readers. But at this busy season even our double number does not suffice to enable us to keep pace with publication, so we must reluctantly leave our readers to explore them in the work itself.

An heir deprived of his rights by the machinations of a villain, a murder, and suicide of the murderer, with the ultimate triumph of justice and restoration of the wronged to his own and to the love that had been faithful to him in the dark days of his fortunes, is the somewhat hackneyed framework of *The Livingstones*. But this truly English lack of inventive power, which the author shares with his countrymen, is in this instance compensated by unusual capacity for narrative, which enables him to impart almost an air of novelty to an old and well-worn theme. There is life and energy in *The Livingstones*; its characters are

flesh and blood; they talk and act like real men and women and not like mere abstractions. The worst fault we find with it proceeds from its very virtue. In his anxiety to be true to the life, the author endeavours to make all the characters talk in the *dialect* peculiar to each, and unfortunately he has not done so with sufficient accuracy. It is manifest that he has no personal familiarity with these provincialisms, but has caught them from books, or hearsay, or perhaps from the conventionalities of the stage. The consequence is, that to readers who are acquainted with the true dialects, these feigned ones have a forced and unnatural aspect upon the page, and, if he attempts to utter them, they offend the tongue and the ear.

This fault, into which a writer of very considerable ability has thus fallen, and the frequency of its occurrence in works of fiction, will excuse a few remarks upon it. Whence does it arise? From what false theory proceeds the erroneous practice? Surely they mistake the duty incumbent upon the novelist to make his personages speak what in actual life would be the sentiments and thoughts of such, for an obligation to employ the very words, nay, the very pronunciation of the words, which would be theirs, were they veritable men and women, instead of creatures of the fancy. But such is not the necessity of fiction. It suffices that the thoughts of the characters are consistent with their station; it is not incumbent upon the novelist to put into their mouths the vulgarities of expression in which they would probably have embodied those thoughts. And the reason is obvious. The ideas are those of the individual; they are a part of the being as much as the features; but the language in which he conveys them is, in great part, conventional, the result of habit, changed by a very slight change of circumstances, and put off and on almost with the garments. In order to depict faithfully a ragged-school urchin, it would not be necessary to make him utter all the blasphemies and obscenities which such a boy would in *fact* pour out in profusion, because they are not with him intended to express blasphemous and obscene feelings, but are only the slang of the streets, learned by association, and used from habit, without any sense of their impropriety, to express emotions which those more happily taught express in more appropriate language.

We would recommend this to the consideration of the author of *The Livingstones* before he commences another fiction. It is a blot upon a composition otherwise rather remarkable for its good taste. There are many passages of great power, touches of pathos that bring tears to the eye, and bits of description that paint a whole picture upon the mind with a few bold touches. Altogether it is a novel which, if it introduces a new writer, as we presume it does, is even more to be esteemed for what it promises than for what has been performed.

As for *Cécile*, we scarcely know how to speak of it. We are compelled to recognise its smartness, its truthfulness, its brilliancy, but we are bound to condemn its purpose and its plot. It is, in truth, an almost undisguised appropriation of an event that not long since excited an extraordinary interest in the public mind to the purpose of a fiction, with little other change than of names, places, and station in life of the characters. Now, from the first inception of *THE CRITIC*, we have steadily protested against the converting of the form of fiction to the purposes of controversy, whether religious or political. It is a perversion of literature, whose aim should ever be the promotion of the kindly feelings; the fostering of the sentiment of humanity; the healing of the wounds of faction; the softening down of the asperities produced by the conflicts of the outer world. In a good book all should meet as children of a common father, and inheritors of an eternity where the distinctions of this warring world would well be swept away. Besides, there can be no fairness in a story which the author moulds as he pleases in order to support his own theory, nor can truth be expected to come out of arguments which have been constructed expressly so that his own side shall have the best of it. But *Cécile* is obnoxious to something more even than this objection. It covers a satire, and the subject is too serious to be so treated. The great controversy between Papal authority and the spirit of Protestantism, that has prevailed for the last two or three years, and is still raging, with no present prospect of settlement, is far too important in itself, involving too many interests, and is too formidable to the liberties of mankind and the progress of huma-

nity, to permit in any person who reflects upon it the temper in which alone satire can be enjoyed, however palpable its hits. We are conscious that this is not the weapon with which such an enemy should be assailed, and the sense of impropriety mars the pleasure that would otherwise be produced by its sharpness and polish. We grant to the author of *Cécile* wit, spirit and power; we acknowledge that his volume is very amusing, very clever, and very fascinating; but these qualities make it the more to be regretted that so much ability should have been bestowed upon a subject not properly within the province of fiction. That he will be extensively read, and much enjoyed even by those who will condemn while they enjoy, may be a matter of commercial advantage, as indicated in his closing dedication, but it will not redound to permanent fame, and we should be ill discharging our duty as literary journalists if we did not enter our protest against the publication of works of the class to which this belongs, from whomsoever proceeding, or on whatever political or religious topic of the day it rests its claim to popularity.

Conviction is the production of a writer who strangely enough puts forth upon his title-page as his "antececedents," that he was the author of "The British Grenadier," "The Railways of England and Wales," &c. There is little in it that challenges criticism, whether in praise or fault-finding. It is a romance of the Civil War, modelled after the established fashion of such, with the same sort of hero and heroine of opposite factions, careless cavaliers, and prudent psalm-singing puritans, who are to be found in the thousand and one tales that have been already constructed out of the same materials. Mr. CLARKE is neither better nor worse than the majority of his predecessors. He writes fluently; he "works up" an incident with melodramatic skill; and doubtless he will absorb the attention of readers who have not, like us, become thoroughly wearied by repetition of plots and personages with whom, since the days of SCOTT, we have been bored year after year in one long procession of three-volumed romances. To those who are only beginning to read novels, *Conviction* will probably be as attractive as any other.

The Two Friends: or Life in Earnest. By MARRIOTT OLDFIELD. Simms and McIntyre.

THE addition to the *Parlour Library* of an original novel is an event, for it augurs the publication of others in the same cheap and accessible form. Considering how small must be the profit for the author to share, this is really a very respectable production.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems. By the late THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES. With a Memoir. London: Pickering.

WE have a clear insight into the private life of many great poets: we trace broadly and palpably their career from their first lisp in numbers to the melancholy interest of their last poem: but we have scanty information concerning the late THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, and the growth of that wonderful poetic luxuriance which lies everywhere about him. What little we know of him shows how strongly he was marked with a genius which the Germans call "manysided," for the profundity and ardour of his physiological and anatomical studies would seem to indicate no disposition and no power in the student to track the fanciful footsteps of the muse. Yet he followed her triumphantly into the deepest recesses of her sanctuary, returning, with unwearied brain and unabated energy, to scientific researches. The mental elasticity he displayed has few parallels in modern times, therefore are we the more surprised at the little that is known of his poetic character. Even his biographer is compelled to content himself with scant materials, in a great degree foreign and extraneous to the poetic life of the subject of his memoir.

There are two circumstances which, probably, had a large influence on the literary success of the poet. He was the eldest son of Dr. THOMAS BEDDOES, of Clifton, a man of vigorous and large philosophic views, popularly known as the early friend and introducer of Sir HUMPHREY DAVY. His mother was the daughter of RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH, of Edgeworthstown, Ireland, and sister of MARIA EDGEWORTH, the distinguished novelist. Born at Clifton, in 1803, his first impressions of nature must have been highly favourable to his career. Before his childish gaze lay outstretched landscapes hardly to be surpassed

for breadth of beauty, and that loftier aspect of nature where beauty swells into sublimity. He was, in every sense, cradled among those hilly grandeur where the muses might have made their home. What his birthplace awakened he kept alive by travel, by solitary loiterings in the land of the Switzer, a people for whom he appears to have had a deep love. Undoubtedly Mr. BEDDOES had great natural advantages; he was in full possession of that which cannot make a strictly angular mind poetical, but which fills a flexible brain with living images by which it can repeople the universe. His first poem, *The Improvisatore*, shows that at the time of its publication nature had not asserted her supremacy. BYRON, MOORE, and others, stood between his imitative talent and his unimitative genius. He was dazzled by the brilliant obstruction, and would not, or could not, strike it aside; hence, *The Improvisatore* sprang into sudden life to die suddenly like an echo. Mr. BEDDOES was soon ashamed of his earliest poem, and he rooted it from every book-shelf of his friends, with a good will that plainly showed how the broader judgment and improved taste of the man disliked the counterfeit of the boy. Yet how much enduring power has grown out of this apparent weakness! How much of what is truly beautiful has sprung, phoenix-like, from the ashes of that destruction which he carried so pertinaciously into the libraries of his friends!

The Improvisatore appeared in 1821, and about a year afterwards Mr. BEDDOES produced *The Bride's Tragedy*, which at once called forth high praise from *The Edinburgh Review* and *The London Magazine*. It was a work unmistakably rich in imagination and richer in promise—the "all hail hereafter." Even now, after the flight of more than a quarter of a century, it stands creditably by the side of the more matured works of the author. It is the first link, and certainly an important one, in that remarkable chain of exuberant fancy by which Mr. BEDDOES embraced the world of spirits and mortals. *The Bride's Tragedy* is the starting point of a gifted mind, and we are very reluctant to retrace the silent footsteps of thirty years in order to show the shadow on the dial. If, in that performance, the old tragic poets were incessantly at his elbow, tempting him into vehement hyperbole and glowing incompleteness, they did good service, although they left much we could have wished had never been bequeathed. They withdrew him from the new lights which at the time so brilliantly studded the literary firmament; they taught him more freedom, but, at the same time, more inconsistencies. The favourable reception of *The Bride's Tragedy* at once let free the waywardness and daring of the author's genius. He gave himself up to the full rush of composition. In the following two years most of the poetry contained in the volume before us, besides much destroyed and lost, was struck off from his eager and muscular mind. Under his touch, language assumed a complication of figures and forms, like heated iron glowing into shape under the hand of an admirable artificer. From him, and around him, fell a shower of bright sparks, the blazing fragments, as it were, of a mind which from first to last was purely fragmentary. Still he worked in silence and in solitude. The public, whose attention had been arrested by his first brilliant movement—a comet flaming through the orbit of SHELLEY and KEATS—looked in vain for the return of the erratic visitor. He came not. He had written in secret and loneliness until it produced an indifference to fame. He was even, at the time, more solicitous of SHELLEY's fame than his own. The risk of publishing SHELLEY's posthumous poems being too great to ensure their immediate publicity, Mr. BEDDOES offered, in conjunction with two others, to incur the hazard. We are, therefore, indebted to him for the first edition of the posthumous SHELLEY.

As time fled, his solicitude for his poetic works almost entirely faded. A large portion of what is printed since his death he refused to look at during the last twenty years of his life. Considering his great genius, there is a mystery about this which probably will never be explained. Was it that Mr. BEDDOES nurtured an ideal excellence transcending the *Cenci* and *Hamlet* which mortality had no power to reach? Was it that he placed to individual incapacity his failing to attain what was unattainable? Or was it that, in the growth of his purer love for SHAKESPEARE, he comprehended the wide gulf between his mighty favourite and all others who had devoted their energies to the drama?

It is certain that his admiration of SHAKESPEARE at this time was an intense idolatry, for he remarks in writing to Mr. PROCTOR (BARRY CORNWALL):

About Shakspeare you don't say enough. He was an incarnation of nature; and you may just as well attempt to remodel the seasons, and the laws of life and death, as to alter "one jot or tittle" of his eternal thoughts. "A star," you call him; if he was a star, all the other stage scribblers can hardly be considered a constellation of brass buttons. I say he was an universe; and all material existence, with its excellences and defects, was reflected in shadowy thought upon the crystal waters of his imagination.

After Mr. BEDDOES had taken his Bachelor's degree, he decided on following a profession—that of physic—impelled, perhaps, by natural inclination, and influenced, probably, by his father's distinguished example. To this end he went to Göttingen, which place he afterwards declared to be superior to any other School of Anatomy in Europe. Here he lived four years, diverging more and more from his literary path in his ardency for the scientific. We need not follow Mr. BEDDOES through his varied places of abode, Würzburg, Strasburg, Zurich, Berlin, &c., but in every place he studied with an extraordinary intensity of soul. As one proof of his industry and endurance, we quote his account of his doings at Göttingen.

Up at five; anatomical reading till six; translation from English into German till seven; prepare for Blumenbach's Lecture on Comparative Anatomy and breakfast till eight; Blumenbach's lecture till nine; Stromeyer's Lecture on Chemistry till ten; ten to half-past twelve, practical zoology; half-past twelve to one, English into German, or German literary reading, with a pipe; one to two, anatomical lecture; two to three, anatomical reading; three to four, osteology; four to five, lecture in German language; five to six, dinner and light reading in zoology, chemistry, or anatomy; six to seven, this hour is often wasted in a visit; sometimes anatomical reading till eight; then coffee and read Greek till ten; ten to eleven, write a little *Death's Jest-book*, which is a horrible waste of time, but one must now and then throw away the dregs of the day; read Latin sometimes, or even continue the anatomy; and at eleven go to bed.

In Mr. BEDDOES' correspondence there are some charming paintings, some glowing touches, fresh as the bloom on the cheek of HENRI, but being rather incidental than strictly indicative of his literary career, we have not much to do with them in the treatment of his posthumous muse. Mr. BEDDOES visited England for the last time in 1847. It was remarked that his aspect was singularly serious and sad. It was evident that the author of *Death's Jest-book* found life not quite a jest. This in him was no new feeling, it was rather the full development of the old; since we are assured that when at school he was not fond of society, or the usual games of school-boys. He finally quitted England for Frankfort in June, 1847. His place of residence abroad was, in a great degree, determined by political events. Mr. BEDDOES was not a politician in any sense of the word, because the mere politician is a mechanical animal, a creature who educates prudence at the expense of feeling. It was not to be wondered at that a man like BEDDOES, full of high resolve, with the true poetic nature, largely liberal and purely humane, should so keenly sympathise with Poland, Germany, and Switzerland in their struggles for liberty. He rushed forward openly to their assistance, by gifts of money, and contributions in verse and prose to the German press. He became obnoxious to the authorities of Hanover, Prussia, and Bavaria, whose territories he was often compelled to quit. His movements were, however, in the main unknown to his friends in England, he being a slack correspondent, and very chary of his personal history. It is not remarkable, because it is common to great genius, that Mr. BEDDOES should have cherished a repugnance to the social exclusiveness and the empty conventionalisms of English life. We never yet knew a thoroughly great man who was conventional. In as far as he is mentally creative, so far will he be unimitative, and, therefore, unconventional. Yet with all Mr. BEDDOES' dislike of some of our English manners, he still cherished that love which is never wholly quenched—a desire to spend the evening of his days in his native land. Alas! that evening never came. In the strength and prime of life, while the rich bloom still hung on the fruit, the insidious spoiler made his appearance. At Frankfort occurred the real cause of death in a slight

puncture which he received in dissection, and by which some noxious virus was infused into his system. His strength gradually failing, he tried, in 1848, the purer air of Basle, taking constant equestrian excursions among the hills. In one of those rides over a precipitous place he fell with his horse, and broke his leg literally "all to pieces." Kindness and skill proved inadequate; and in the hospital of Basle his leg was amputated. So reserved was he on personal affairs, that he did not communicate his condition to his family. On the very day of the amputation, he wrote to an old and valued friend in England, but never a word, not a murmur of his sufferings. We are not sure whether this silence arose from courage or weakness, but it certainly appears to us inconsistent with that love of social fellowship, the absence of which he so regretted in his countrymen. With no direct allusion to his case, the letter to his old friend was ominous; it contained a misty sense of coming evil, as if the shadow of death's wing hung over it. The poison imbibed at Frankfort renewed its ravages, a slow and wasting fever intervened, and he lay vanquished in the sinewy grasp of delirium. In the last few hours he returned to consciousness, spoke calmly of death, and committed to writing a string of parting bequests and farewells to relatives and friends. His last moments were lighted by the radiance of a pure faith. He died January 26, 1849; and his remains lie in the cemetery of the hospital; but arrangements have been made for a more distinguished tomb in Basle.

Such is a brief outline of the history of THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, a man who has grasped considerable fame, but who has lost more than he has grasped. The life of the man was full of contradictions, and forms a valuable study. It is difficult to say whether Mr. BEDDOES wilfully neglected to be a superlatively great poet, or whether it should be attributed to mental indisposition. Was his mind potentially poetic, or potentially scientific? First showing the gold of his rich imagination, and just showing so much that we knew he had uncounted stores; filling his young hours with waking dreams that were redolent of softest sunlight and solemn shadow; stalking with conscious power among the complicated machinery of the drama, gathering up and weaving into forms the glowing threads at his feet, and then abruptly starting aside into the realms of scientific thought, is one great fact in the life of THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES. He so excelled in his scientific researches—he was so eminent in his physiological and anatomical studies—that BLUMENBACH declared that he surpassed every other student. He was unanimously recommended by the medical faculty of Zurich, on the proposal of Dr. SCHOENLEIN, to a professional chair in the University; and yet this is the man who had proved, or seemed to have proved, that he was essentially, made with all the elements of poetry in his nature, and none of the requirements of science. It is questionable whether his sympathies were not the strongest in favour of the imaginative and the ideal. It is singular that the MSS. left by Mr. BEDDOES consisted entirely of poetry, not a single paper of a scientific character having been discovered. We sincerely regret the change from literature to science which the poet adopted under the notion that he was "essentially unpoetical in character, habits, and thinking." We cannot believe this to be cant, because Mr. BEDDOES was ever a serious solemn man; but, at the least, it was an unfortunate blunder. We shall proceed to prove the blunder by a few extracts from one of his first works—*The Bride's Tragedy*.

SLEEP.

Boy! he is asleep;
Oh, innocence, how fairly dost thou tread
This pure, first page of man. Peace to thy slumbers;
Sleep, for thy dreams are 'midst the seraph's harps,
Thy thoughts beneath the wings of holiness,
Thine eyes in Paradise.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

The very air,
I thank it (the same wild and busy air,
That numbers every syllable I speak,
In the same instant my lips shape its sound,
With the first laps of him, who died before
The world began its story), steals away
A little from my being;
And at each slightest tremor of a leaf
My hearse moves one step nearer.

A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.

Attendant. My lord, you are disturbed.
Have you seen aught?
Hesperus. I lay upon my bed,
And something in the air out-jetting night,
Converting feeling to intenser vision,
Featured its ghastly self upon my soul
Deeper than sight.

Attendant. This is Delusion surely;
She's busy with men's thoughts at all night hours,
And to the waking subtle apprehension
The darkling chamber's still and sleepy air
Hath breath and motion off.

Hesper. Lift up the hangings, mark the doors, the corners;
Seest nothing yet? No face of fiend-like mirth,
More frightful than the fixed and doggish grin
Of a dead madman?

Attendant. Naught I see, my lord,
Save the long varied crowd of warlike shapes
Set in the stitched pictures.

Hesper. Heard you then?
There was a sound as though some marble tongue
Moved on its rusty hinge, syllabling harshly
The hoarse death-rattle into speech.

Attendant. The wind is high and through the silent rooms
Murmurs his burthen, to an heedless ear
Almost inarticulate.

Hesper. Thou sleepest, fool;
A voice has been at my bedside to night,
Its breath is burning on my forehead still:
I'll watch myself.

It is no wonder that the high promise given by Mr. BEDDOES should not have been fully realised. He underrated his power, and lost his self-reliance, without which a poet never worked his way to eminence; yet if he has not done as much as he ought, he has yet done enough to place him in the first class of poets. Whether we look at *Death's Jest-book* published last year, or at the two unfinished dramas, fragments, and minor poems now given to the world, everywhere we see the same colossal grandeur and the same gigantic gloom; the same lyrical sweetness, dramatic strength, and imaginative resources. He squandered more wealth on a page than is contained in the brain of half the poets of the day. He might, and should, have been the NAPOLEON of literature, but he lacked the Corsican's courage and his indomitable will. Before him lay splendid kingdoms, and the imperial seat, but he faltered at the foot of the Alps, under the miserable delusion that where COLERIDGE and WORDSWORTH had failed, he could not hope to be successful! But by-gones are by-gones, and all our regrets are unavailing. Let us rather turn to the actual production of the poet. We have no idea that Mr. BEDDOES' works will be highly popular. His characters are too exaggerated to "catch the nearest way" to our sympathies. Experience does not acknowledge them as it does the characters of SHAKESPEARE. They are passions and mental idealisms, not men and women. There is little characterization and little individuality, dramatically speaking. Here is a beautiful metaphor:

The roar has ceased, the hush of intercalm
'Numbs with its leaden fingers Echo's lips.

But then it is not consistent with experience that a common huntsman of the woods should discourse in such sweet music. Taking the works as poems, and not as dramas, setting aside their personality and condition, we could select passages which, for richness of beauty, could hardly be surpassed. They are as many jewels set in an imperfect casket, but they are nevertheless jewels of the rarest order. Here are some of them:

SPEAKER'S MEANING DIMLY DEFINED.

I know not whether
I see your meaning: if I do, it lies
Upon the wordy wavelets of your voice;
Dim as an evening shadow in a brook
When the least moon has silver on't no larger
Than the pure white of Hebe's pinkish nail.

CONCEALED JOY.

Just now a beam of joy hung on his eye-lash;
But as I looked, it sunk into his eye,
Like a bruised worm writhing his form of rings
Into a darkening hole.

RAIN.

The blue between yon star-nailed cloud,
The double mountain, and this narrow valley,
Is strung with rain, like a fantastic lyre.

A LOFTY MIND.

His thoughts are so much higher than his state,
That, like a mountain hanging o'er a hut,
They chill and darken it.

THE SLIGHT AND DEGENERATE NATURE OF MAN.

(*Antediluvianus loquitur.*)

Pitiful post-diluvians! from whose hearts
The print of passions by the tide of hours
Is washed away for ever and for ever,
As lions' footmark on the ocean sand;
While we, Adam's coevals, carry in us
The words indelible of buried feelings,
Like the millennial trees, whose hoary barks
Grow o'er the secrets cut into their core.

A DAY OF SURPASSING BEAUTY.

The earth is bright, her f-ests are all golden;
The cloud of flowers breathes blushing over her,
And, whispering from bud to blossom, opens
The half-awakened memory of the song
She heard in childhood from the mystic sun.
There is some secret stirring in the world,
A thought that seeks impatiently its word:
A crown, or cross, for one is born to day.

The fragments in the volume are the best, if anything may be particularized as fragmentary, where scarcely anything is complete. It is a task to select from a book where so much is worthy of selection, and, therefore, we shall conclude our extracts by a beautiful poem, entitled

DIAL-THOUGHTS.

I think of thee at day-break still,
And then thou art my playmate small,
Beside our straw-roofed village rill
Gathering cowslips tall.
And chasing oft the butterfly,
Which flutters past like treacherous life,
You smile at me and at you I,
A husband boy, and baby wife.

I think of thee at noon again,
And thy meridian beauty high,
Falls on my bosom, like young rain,
Out of a summer sky.
And I reflect it in the tear,
Which 'neath thy picture drops forlorn,
And then my love is bright and clear,
And manlier than it was at morn.

I think of thee by evening's star,
And softly, melancholy, slow,
An eye does glisten from afar,
All full of lovely woe.
The air then sighingly does part,
And or from death the cold, or love,
I hear the passing of a dart,
But hope once more and look above.

I think of thee at black midnight,
And woe and agony it is,
To see thy cheek so deadly white,
To hear thy grave-worms hiss.
But looking on thy lips is cheer,
They closed in love, pronouncing love:
And then I tremble, not for fear,
But in thy breath from heaven above.

It has been objected to Mr. BEDDOES' works, that they are filled with an unnatural amount of gloom; and it is too true that they are overcharged with spectral fancies. We have no sympathy with charnel-houses, but we are anxious to add our support to the opinion of the writer of the memoir, viz., that Mr. BEDDOES did not do this to excite "vulgar admiration." It was an unconquerable failing—a weakness growing out of his excessive strength. The age itself fostered his mental habitude. The mystery of SHELLEY's, BYRON's, and Miss LONDON's muse, engrafted itself on the superstition of BEDDOES, adding strength to the supernatural. We throw out this as merely suggestive, at the same time regretting that such a lofty intellect should have been so eager in hunting flowers among sepulchres, skulls, and the saddest wrecks of humanity. Physically and socially, it is better to hear birds sing, than, through a moody fancy, to hear the "grave-worms hiss." Unfortunately this gloom in Mr. BEDDOES is perpetual; whereas everything else about him is broken and incomplete. "The Second Brother," and "Torrismond," two unfinished dramas, will remain as splendid monuments, recording the impetuous and capricious mind of the gifted author. One idea impresses itself on our mind as we turn again and again to the volume before us. It seems as if some wayward sculptor, in the frenzy of genius, had suddenly seized a block of marble in order to produce a form of beauty, and that he had abruptly quitted it, leaving the rounded grace, and swelling bust, provokingly discernable through the misty incompleteness.

RELIGION.

The Vatican and St. James's; or England Independent of Rome. With Introductory Remarks on Spiritual and Temporal Power. By JAMES LORD, Esq., of the Inner Temple. London: Seeleys, Fleet-street. 1851.

THIS work emanates from the pen of the learned chairman of the Protestant Association, and though almost wholly of a legal character, it is not for that reason less useful in these days of aggression, when it is difficult to perceive what Rome may, and what she may not, do. Its tendency is to prove that the British Crown, Church and Constitution have from ancient time been independent of the Papal See, and that the recent attack upon them has been a violation equally of the Constitution, common, and statute law of the realm, and it exemplifies the illegality of such attacks and the mode adopted to repudiate them by a full analysis of CAUDREY's and LALOR's cases. The author, evidently, is master of his subject, and divests the work of dryness by the sound Christianity which pervades his book, to which valuable appendices are attached, the whole meriting attentive perusal. The remarks, especially in connexion with the fact that Romanism is not changed, but that it possesses better means for advancing its interests than it possessed centuries ago, are very original and pointed, and there is a good deal of clear-headedness throughout the book.

Dialogues of the Early Church. I. Rome. II. Syria. III. Carthage. By HENRY HAYMAN, M.A. London: Skeffington.

IMAGINARY dialogues of early Christians designed to diffuse, in a readable form, the testimony of the Primitive Church. The scene of the first is supposed to be laid in the reign of the Roman Emperor DESIUS: of the second in the second century; of the third, in the commencement, at TROAS, then during a voyage from Asia to Africa, and then at and near Carthage. In the events alluded to, the author has confined himself strictly to history. The speakers are, of course, ideal. The style is simple and appropriate. A great deal of learning and a very pious spirit are displayed throughout, and the work appears to be well adapted for its professed design.

Precious Stones; being an Account of the Stones mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures. By the late ROBERT HINDMARSH. London: Hodson.

THE purpose of this little volume is to collect the most striking facts stated in the Scriptures in which stones bear a part; to show their spiritual signification, as well as natural use, in the construction of altars, pillars, heaps and memorials; in the two tables of law and testimony; in the breast-plate of judgment, by means of which responses from heaven were obtained. Such is the author's account of his design; and much ingenuity has been expended in executing it, with what advantage after all, others may perhaps be better able than ourselves to discover.

Christian Iconography; or the History of Christian Art in the Middle Ages. By M. DIDRON. Translated from the French, by E. J. MILLINGTON. In 2 vols. Vol I. London: Bohn.

THE Archaeologist and the Student of Religious Antiquities, will thank Mr. BOHN for giving them an English translation of the renowned and valuable work of M. DIDRON, in a form at once so beautiful and cheap as that of his Illustrated Library, into which it has been introduced. This first volume consists of two parts, of which the first is devoted to the Nimbus, or Glory, and the second to what is termed "the History of God," by which is meant the various visible forms and symbols by which the early christians represented the Divinity. It is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts of old pictures, sculpture and carvings, in which the ideas of our ancestors on this subject are preserved to us, and the reader to whom it is new will be astonished at the vast amount of curious and really interesting information thence to be gleaned. The translation is well executed, and the notes are numerous and learned.

Devotions for those who remain during the Holy Communion but do not Communicate. Edinburgh: Lendrum. 1851.

THIS is a small but valuable manual of devotion by, apparently, a member of the Scottish "Reformed Catholic" Church. Its characteristics are spirituality and earnestness.

Things to be Remembered; arranged as Supplementary to the Church Catechism. By a Priest. London: T. Masters. 1851.

A BRIEF and well-arranged compilation of scripture truths and doctrinal facts is contained in this little tract; which, small as it is, will, we think, be likely to prove very useful both to parish priests, who catechise, and to Sunday-school teachers. It is church-like though compendious, and its cheapness will make it easy of distribution.

WE have before us a pile of pamphlets and sermons, which we must briefly notice, but by way of record rather than of criticism, for we find that we cannot express the slightest opinion on any religious book of any kind, without being deluged by a flood of letters complaining that we praise, or blame, as the case may be, a book containing doctrines either approved or disapproved by the particular correspondent, who forthwith ascribes the character given to the book to a desire to advance or thwart its doctrines. Hence we must for the future limit our notices strictly to description, without venturing any opinion at all upon the merits. Thus only can we perform our task of journalism without offence.

The first we take up is a pamphlet entitled *Rome the Babylon of the Apocalypse*. The title indicates the design, which is preserved with great ingenuity through thirty-eight closely printed pages. The Rev. THOMAS SPENCER has forwarded a sermon on *The Unknown God*, energetic and powerful. The Rev. C. WALKER, Rector of Clyst St. Lawrence, is the author of a pamphlet entitled *The Sacred History of the Holy Spirit as God the Holy Ghost*, in which he traces the operations of the Holy Spirit, from the beginning to the present day. It

shows great research and familiarity with Scripture. The *Correspondence* between the Bishop of Worcester and others relative to certain alleged irregularities in the performance of Divine Service in St. Philip's Church, Birmingham, has reached a second edition. A curious pamphlet entitled "*A Contribution towards an argument for the Plenary Inspiration of Scripture, derived from the minute historical accuracy of the Scriptures of the Old Testament, as proved by certain ancient Egyptian and Assyrian remains, preserved in the British Museum*," is an application of the Nineveh discoveries to the confirmation of the truths of the Bible. Dr. BAIRD's pamphlet on the *Progress and Prospects of Christianity in the United States of America* is recommended to all who feel an interest in the spread of our faith through the New World. The author introduces some pertinent remarks upon the subject of Slavery in America. The Rev. A. GASCOYNE has addressed *A Letter to the Rev. E. B. Elliot, A.M.*, showing that his Exposition of the Seven Seals in his *Horæ Apocalyptica* is without any solid foundation. It is written with great acuteness of argument. The Rev. P. MEARNS, of Coldstream, has transmitted an interesting little book, as an assistant to Scripture study, entitled *The Olive, Vine and Palm*, in which he illustrates the numerous allusions made to them in the Bible. From the Rev. A. B. KENNARD, B.A., curate of Wymondham, we have read a sermon on *The Descent of the Holy Ghost*, preached in the church of that place, on Whitsunday, in which he energetically combats the claim of apostolical succession as confined to any privileged class of men. He says "there is, we readily admit, a real apostolical succession of the christian life, which the visible church by her positive institution, is our chief means of perpetuating; but then we should never forget this divine mission is not, as some would have us believe, confined to any privileged class of men, but is the unalienable heritage of every christian church, and of every christian man who possesses, with St. Paul, the consciousness 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'" Also by the same preacher, we have a pamphlet containing four sermons on 1. "The Mosaic Dispensation." 2. "The Christian Life." 3. "The Sacrifice of Christ." 4. "The Love of God." They are of equal ability and eloquence. *The Apocalypse popularly explained*, is another ingenious endeavour to interpret the Prophecies as applicable to six periods in the world's history, viz. 1. "The Papal Period;" 2. "Popery's first judgment;" 3. "Infidelity's first Judgment;" 4. "Space for Repentance;" 5. "Popery's second Judgment;" 6. "Infidelity's second Judgment." Lastly, from the Rev. Dr. HOOK, of Leeds, whose name and fame are familiar to every reader, we have received *A Sermon on Auricular Confession*. It is very eloquent and powerful, and the copious notes appended to it, collect a mass of the most authoritative opinions upon the subject.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Hand Atlas of Physical Geography. London: Gower.
Gower's General Bible Atlas. London: Gower.

THE Hand Atlas is a translation, if we may so term it, of the famous *Physikalischer Atlas of Germany*, the peculiar features of which have brought it into universal use in that country and indeed all over the Continent. These maps are coloured, and show, on their surface, the Geology, Hydrography, Meteorology and Natural History of each country, so that the pupil learns several sciences at once. It is difficult to convey by words the ingenious manner of doing this, we can only say, that it is effectively done, and that a very valuable addition has thus been made to the means of education. First we have a theoretical survey of the earth's crust, showing all the strata; then a map, showing the volcanic action on the earth; then a series, exhibiting the mountain chains and river systems; then a map showing the distribution of temperature; another of the winds; another of the rains; another of the currents of the ocean; others of the distribution of planets, exhibited in zones; and lastly, a series, showing, to the eye, the distribution of animals over the entire surface of the globe. Half an hour's inspection of this curious atlas will convey more knowledge than a twelvemonth's reading. *The Bible Atlas* contains maps of the countries spoken of in the Scriptures.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Collected Works of the Rev. S. Smith. London: Longman.

No criticism is more common, and none more unjust, than that which, while exaggerating one undoubted merit in a writer, denies him every other. This is unjust, because a great merit is seldom found alone; there has seldom been, if ever, for instance, a great imagination without a great intellect, and because it is envy which allows the

prominence of one faculty to conceal others that are only a little less conspicuous. BURKE was long counted by many a fanciful showy writer without judgment, although it is now granted by everybody, except, perhaps, Lord BROUGHAM—(whose sketch of BURKE is the shallowest of all his sketches, and might have been written by a cheesemonger)—that his understanding was more than equal to his fancy. It was once fashionable to praise the prodigality of CHALMERS's imagination at the expense of his intellect; it seems now admitted that, although his imagination was not prodigal but vivid, nor his imagination subtle though strong, both were commensurate. Some, reading SHELLEY, find nothing but "words, words, words;" and many deem CARLYLE strong only in his power of panoramic description. To WORDS WORTH simplicity and depth are conceded, but high and solemn imagination is denied. The many-sidedness of MILTON, one of his most remarkable characteristics, is stoutly contested. To SHAKESPEARE alone a kind of plenary inspiration is granted, all others are pared down within very narrow limits, by this poor and jealous system of criticism. Just as it was long customary to say that Nature, profuse in her ordinary products, was sparing in her gold and gems, till behold California and Australia with their stones and dust of gold appeared, as if to correct our notions of the rich economies of the Creation. "God giveth liberally," He is, as well as loves "a cheerful giver."

SIDNEY SMITH, too, has suffered from this critical parsimony. Nature gave him wit and wisdom in nearly equal proportions. Critics have very generally ascribed to him only the former. As if, in fact, great wit were not great wisdom relaxed, "holding both its sides," and edging its grave aphorisms with the "silver lining" of genial mirth. In correspondence with this we find that most great wits actually have possessed an understanding and judgment of equal vigour. Witness RABELAIS, who had, however, rather humour and genius, than intellect and wit. BUTLER, SWIFT, POPE, ARBUTHNOT, VOLTAIRE, SHERIDAN, CANNING, and others too numerous to mention, who, if not all men of the highest philosophic or poetic genius, were all strong-minded, and many of them learned men. And so with the redoubtable SIDNEY SMITH. He had insight of amazing acuteness, as well as wit of the purest grain. The mirth, ever rolling in his eyes, never for a moment blinded him to the real merits of a question. Nay, he might be said to see in smiles. Through a lens of laughter he saw further than other men into the marrow of the subject. While they gravely and solemnly were bending over books or topics their heavy brows, and trying to master them, he loosened their bands by the quick lightning of his wit, and as it were, licked up their contents into his own mind. To quote from ourselves, in a paper which appeared elsewhere, "his intellect sharp, strong, clear and decided—wrought and moved in a rich medium of humour. Each thought as it came forth from his brain, issued as 'in dance,' and in a flood of inextinguishable laughter. The march of his mind, through his subject, resembled the procession of BACCHUS from the conquest of India,—joyous, splendid, straggling—rather a victory than a march—rather a revel than a contest. His logic seemed always hurrying into the arms of his wit. And yet the matter of his reasoning was solid, and its inner spirit sharp and true. But though his steel was strong and sharp, his hand steady, and his aim clear, the management of the motion of his weapon was always fantastic. He piled, indeed, like a Titan, his Pelion on Ossa, but at the oddest of angles; he lifted and carried his load bravely and like a man, but laughed as he did so, and so carried it that the beholders forgot the strength of the arm in the strangeness of the attitude. He thus sometimes disarmed anger; for his adversaries could scarcely believe that they had received a deadly wound, while the foe was roaring in their face. He thus did far greater execution; for the flourishes of his sword might distract his opponents but seldom himself from the direct and terrible line of the blow. Often what neither the fierce invective of BROUGHAM, nor the light and subtle raillery of JEFFREY, could do, his contemptuous explosion effected, and himself, crying with mirth, saw his foes hoisted toward heaven in ten thousand comical splinters."

The most powerful species of Logic is often that which disguises itself, and assumes one alias or another, just as the leaf-loaded bough of an oak in summer is stronger than in its naked

winter state. There is the cold reasoner, whose chains are all of frost. But, there are also those who reason in figure. Thus, BURKE in his progress throws abroad his Briarean arms, plucks up natural images like trees from all sides, and casts the blooming mass, the flowery Avalanche, upon the crushed heads of his helpless adversaries, whose ruin is all the more terrible that it is flagrant—who are not the less completely buried that it is in beauty. Others again reason in passion, the chains of their logic are red-hot, and woe to the unhappy captives round whose limbs they are wreathed, and whose bondage has become Hell. It was so with DEMOSTHENES, and is so with BROUGHAM in his higher moods. A fourth class reason in irony, or wit, or humour, or exuberant and riotous fun. It is a troop concealed under the disguise of village—fair mummings. It is a Harlequin with a steel instead of a wooden sword. It is BRUTUS under the masque of Idiocy saving his country. It was so with SWIFT, with PASCAL, and with SIDNEY SMITH. Nothing often can be lighter or more amusing than their manner, and nothing more carefully thought out, more solid and sensible, than their matter; their mirth stuns like the cachinnations of the Cyclops shaking the walls of his cave. Composed as it were of soap bubbles, it has yet the force of a tempest, and in roaring eddies of laughter sweeps all opposition before it.

Specimens of this style are to be found in almost all S. SMITH's Reviews. How resplendently it shines in his papers on "Madam d'Epinaï," on "Bentham's Book of Fallacies," on "Styles," on "Methodism," on the "Game-laws," on the "Hamiltonian system," &c., and in the far-famed letters of the witty and ingenious PETER PLYMLEY. The easiness, the heartiness, the clear and manly sense, the rapid, careless, and energetic style, the bold, honest, liberal, and thoroughly English spirit of those productions are above all praise. No dry sense in SIDNEY. All is unctuous and dripping, like a great Roast of English Beef—an article which we venture to say he relished rarely, and which forms rather a striking emblem of his peculiarly racy and overrunning genius.

Who can have forgot his picture of CANNING, as a blue-bottle fly, pronounced by his sycophants—the inferior blue-bottles—"to be the *biggest and bluest* blue-bottle in the world," or his warning to Sir JOHN SINCLAIR as writing for antediluvians, and without the fear of the flood before his eyes, or his description of a brother clergyman, with his "forty-parson power of talk," or his less known account of SAM ROGERS incubating a couplet: "Sir, when Rogers wishes to lay a couplet he takes to bed, muffles his knocker, spreads saw-dust before his door, and orders the servant to say to all comers that he is as well as can be expected."

The boldness of SMITH's humour, is one of its most remarkable characteristics. There is no shrinking from a bad thing, that he may say a better. Bad and good come out, "linking" it, as they say in Scotland, in each other's arms. He approaches the Gulph of Nonsense, and holds out the feet of some favourite child of his brain over it, careless of its cries, and justly deeming it strengthened by the exposure:

Ne'er so sure our favour to create,
As when he treads the brink of all we hate.

Perhaps once only has he overstepped this limit. It is in his attack upon Missions, where he not only compromises his own clerical character, and discovers a sadly deficient knowledge of the principles of the faith he professed, but becomes positively filthy and foul-mouthed. His wit forsakes him, and a rabid invective ill supplies its place. Instead of laughing, he raves and foams at the mouth, exhibiting the fury, without the terrible grandeur, or wild inspiration, of a demoniac.

Apart from his humour and sense, a certain burly honesty was the chief feature of his mind. He hated mystification, sophistry, and humbug. Affectation he scorned; double-dealing was intensely repugnant to his nature. He was an English Gentleman, all of the olden time. And his ire is singularly English—fierce, noble, leonine. How he scourged the scoundrelism of Brother JONATHAN, and made the tongue of every lash cry out,—"*Not Tuum, but Meum, Brother mine?*" And, in a letter in reference to Sir JAMES MACINTOSH, he has, by contrast and indirectly, given a portrait of BROUGHAM in his tortuous and slimy movements, which is likely to form his future epitaph, being sternly true, and painting, as no other man has, and that too in a sentence,

the transcendent talents, and the wriggling, winding trace, the head of gold, the nose of wax, the tongue of Indian rubber, the sides of iron, and the feet of miry clay, composing the whole of him who, by talent, intellect, vanity, inconsistency, and imprudence, has become the glory, the riddle, and the regret of his age, his country, and his species; who, as CARLYLE once said, "has run all to tongue," and whose tongue may probably outlive all his other faculties and members! How the unintelligible and uncertain peer shrivels up at the one touch of the honest and manly parson.

As a writer, SMITH has founded no school—effected no great deed of authorship, and left not much behind him of imperishable quality. His "power was in his tail," rather than in his head, vigorous as that head was; rather in his fun-tipped sense, than in his original genius or creative intellect. His reviews are not preserved by the salt of profound and far-reaching thought; but they are exquisite *jeux d'esprit*—admirable occasional pamphlets—which, though they look to us like spent arrows, yet assuredly have done execution, and have not been spent in vain.

SIDNEY SMITH was a writer of sermons as well as of political and literary squibs. Peace to their memory! They lived just long enough to be trampled into dust by the iron heel of JOHN FOSTER, who felt himself aggrieved by the general attacks of *The Edinburgh Review* upon Evangelical Religion, and who has avenged himself and it in an ample and memorable manner. See his contributions to *The Eclectic*. Speaking of this, a writer says, "it was the precise position of SALADIN with the Knight of the Leopard in the famous contest near the Diamond of the Desert. In the skirmish, SMITH had it all his own way, but when it came to close quarters, and when the mailed hand of the sturdy Baptist had confirmed its grasp on his opponent, the disparity was prodigious, and the discomfiture of the light horseman complete. The sermons—the *causa belli*—clever, but dry, destitute of earnestness and unction, are long since dead and buried, and their review remains their only monument. And not much better are his Moral lucubrations, published since his death, and which, like his sermons, might almost suggest the title, '*Meditations among the Tombs*, by Yorick Secundus.'"

A bet was once laid, it is reported, in America, if SIDNEY SMITH were a clergyman after all. Although this may probably be a mythic fable, yet, like many such parables, it contains in it the germ of a truth. He never *was* really a Divine, although a very popular preacher. His heart was hardly in his work. He had mistaken his profession, and if he succeeded in it, in some measure, it was in spite, and not in consequence, of his predilections and tastes. He ought to have been a barrister, or a member of Parliament. Had he been in either of those spheres, what puns and jokes would have mingled with his speeches; how the wigs of the judges would have shaken with laughter, or how members would have trampled on each other as they hurried down from BEL-LAMY's at the news "SIDNEY SMITH has just risen to reply to CANNING." As it was, he became a more refined FRIAR TUCK, with a number of the Blue and Yellow instead of a quarterstaff in his hand, and a rosary of jests hanging from his girdle. That he was sincere, we doubt not, but his sincerity was not of a very profound, constant, or consistent kind. He was, on the whole, a rather awkward compound of the buffoon, politician, preacher and literateur—a half-divine, and a whole diner-out.

Such mistakes are common on all sides. While SIDNEY SMITH should have been a member of Parliament, COLERIDGE should have been a bishop; and if he had then used opium, it had only enabled him to snore in more amicable chorus with his fellows on the bench.

BURNS should have been poet laureate, and HENRY PYE an exciseman. How many ministers you see who were destined by nature for the plough, and not a few ploughmen who would have made excellent preachers! The old woman who came twenty miles to hear Lord JOHN RUSSELL, at the Kirk of Crathay, because she had heard of him as the "prime minister of England," and expected a "shoobline discourse," was doubly mistaken, no doubt: but we opine that Lord JOHN would have made a better Archbishop than he does a Premier. We have sometimes figured the effects of a sudden jolt in society, like that described in the "*Mountain of Miseries*," through which all misplaced men should resume the positions for which they were naturally fitted—a

curious scene! Shoeblacks whirled aloft to the cabinet, and cabinet ministers sent down to blacken shoes at the sides of the streets—pseudo poets and genuine tailors—duchesses and dames of low degree—kings and cobblers—professed Christians and apparent infidels—exchanging places as in a great dance, and proving that, to use the language of POPE—

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella,—

and that modes of life, like modes of faith, are often exceedingly indifferent and contemptible, when compared to those inner principles and powers which alone make life true, harmonious, and beautiful.

We ardently hope that in that better day which is dawning on the world, the art shall be cultivated of adapting professions to respective tastes, talents, habits, powers, hearts, as well as heads. As society is at present constituted, the sacrifices to Juggernaut and Moloch were positively merciful compared to those which take place daily of the finest spirits to uncongenial and unloved occupations, where the very bread they win hardens into stone, where the laurels gained are tainted in the bud, and where an indurating and enfeebling influence passes over them, like a crust, and for ever confines and crushes the genial and hopeful impulses of their natures.

As a conversationist, SIDNEY SMITH stood very high. His jokes were rich, fat, and flowing out, in natural and irresistible issue, from his mind. No finer cream, certes, ever mantled at the splendid entertainments of Holland-house than what he supplied. "There shall never," says one, of SWIFT, "be another such rector of Laracor." Never! nor ever again, such a prebend of St. Paul's! The church could have "better spared a better man." He did not, indeed, promote much its spiritual interests—therein lay the grand error of his life, fostered, probably, by the errors of his education, and of his position—but he shed the glory of his talent, his wit, his honesty, and his ardent humanity, over the age in which he lived, and if we cannot call him either a hero or a saint, let us not be afraid to denominate him a true and noble Man.

The Family Friend. Vol. IV.

THIS fourth volume of a cheap and useful periodical really deserves its name. It contains a vast quantity of useful reading, mingled with a great deal of amusing matter. Its collection of enigmas is particularly good. The editor should improve the poetry, if possible. It is not worthy of the rest.

Letts's Diary for 1852.

HAVING used this Diary for some years, we can testify to its completeness for its purpose. Besides ample space for memoranda of doings and expenditure, it contains a large quantity of information required for reference.

The Young Man's Councillor. By WILLIAM MACKENZIE. London: Hogg.

A LITTLE book containing some sensible advice to young men on morals, manners and conduct in the affairs of life. It reminds us of the homely but truthful teachings of COBBETT on the same subject.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology. Edited by FORBES WINSLOW, M.D. No. 15.

THIS Quarterly Review is one of the most valuable contributions of the press to Mental Philosophy, a subject which, notwithstanding its paramount importance, appears to be banished alike from our literature and our lecture rooms, and only to be kept alive in the pages of this periodical. Strange, that while science is advancing with such giant strides in all other directions, this, which concerns, beyond any other, man's present well-being and future happiness, should be neglected utterly, and that the pages of a Quarterly Journal, of small size, should suffice to contain all the contributions of an intellectual age to the Physiology of Mind, its constitution, its powers, its diseases, and their remedies.

Let us, therefore, welcome it the more cordially because it labours alone, and we can do so conscientiously because it works well and earnestly in the cause. It is, indeed, a most interesting periodical, not to the medical world alone, but to all who think, who desire to know themselves. Dr. WINSLOW has gathered around him a band of able contributors, and, in any other age than

this, such essays as are here contained, on such themes, would have commanded universal attention.

We fear that the cause of the neglect into which Mental Philosophy has fallen is due to the faults of the Philosophers in treating it as a metaphysical question, and theorizing instead of observing. When science emancipated itself from the trammels of the schools, and men began to substitute experiment for hypothesis, and the lesson was taught that Nature is only to be learned by collecting the facts, unfortunately the example was not followed by the professors of Mental Philosophy, who persisted in their endeavours to ascertain the Physiology of the Mind after the old fashion, by ingenious conjecture and system-mongering, instead of throwing these aside and patiently making observations and collecting facts. Seeing this, the Natural Philosophers, who were, by the experimental system, daily achieving new triumphs, and pushing their discoveries further into the realms of nature, conceived a great contempt for those who still lingered in the region of conjecture; they laughed at metaphysics and mental philosophy, as being in their minds identified with metaphysics, and it is not wonderful that they should have thrown them aside together, as systems of no practical worth. Some blame is due to the mental philosophers for not earlier giving proof to the world that they also were content to base their science upon experiment and fact, and to throw aside altogether mere conjecture and hypothesis. They have now done this, and with the same profitable results as have attended the experimental process in the material sciences, and therefore we may hope ere long to see the more practical minds of the age employing themselves in the advancement of that which has ceased to be a speculation, and has become a science.

To this end important aid is given by the journal before us. It treats of all matters relating to the mind of man, its physiology, its anatomy and its pathology, and it treats them well. The number on our table opens with a vigorous assault on Miss MARTINEAU's Letters the unsoundness of which it demonstrates, and thrice slays the slain. "Modern Metaphysics" is a review of Dr. BURNETT's "Philosophy of Spirit in relation to Matter," the fallacies of which it exposes with great ability. "The Nature and Treatment of Insanity" is the next theme, and it details the results of recent experience. "Electro-Biology" is next considered. A paper on Idiocy and Cretinism concludes the larger articles. But these are followed by a number of interesting communications from all parts of the world, by medical and other observers of facts, and by cases and suggestions which will tend to advance the science of mind, by supplying the materials from which the laws of mind may be deduced.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

Revolutions d'Italie. Italian Revolutions. By E. QUINET. Paris: Chamerot, Libraire, Rue du Jardinot.

THE first volume of this work was written just before the breaking out of the French Revolution of 1848, a fact adverted to by the author as proof of the correctness of his judgment, and as a reason for suspending progress till calm of thought should be restored with the re-establishment of order.

M. QUINET belongs to that class of historians who reclothed with living substance the dry bones of the chronicles of the past; his pages reflect, not shadows, but the familiar countenances of men we know. The social evils which produced the decay and ruin of the once flourishing republics of Italy, are analysed, with great ingenuity, as affording a parallel to the faults whose consequences now disturb the peace of France and Europe. Undoubtedly, as man resembles man in every age, the societies formed by him must resemble each other in their leading principles and leading errors, but in different communities circumstances vary so infinitely that to draw a close and impartial parallel is almost impossible. Because some salient points stand out in bold relief and likeness to each other, it does not follow that two structures should be similar in all their proportions.

Considered as an historical sketch, this view of the Italian republics is as interesting as it could be rendered by the labour of research, and the charm of a graceful style. The leading idea may be gathered from the following extracts:

Men in our days willingly believe the war between the Bourgeoisie and the people to be a question of recent origin; I am about to prove that this question has been tried by the Italian revolutions four centuries ago, with a precision it is impossible to over-pass. The struggle in ancient Rome was between the aristocracy and the democracy. The idea was simple in this great

conflict, but difficulties were complicated in the Italian city, the combat became permanent between the aristocracy, the Bourgeoisie, and the people.

M. QUINET's views are well known; we will not now discuss them in detail, but direct attention to certain passages in which the character of the Italian republics and population is so well depicted that by a fact, an anecdote, an observation, the author sometimes in a few words portrays a people's history.

The last day of the Roman world was that upon which Cassiodore wrote the following lines in the consular records:—"This year the king of the Goths Théodoric, summoned by the wishes of all, invaded Rome. He treated the Senate with lenity, and gave largesses to the people."

The national spirit of the Romans which became gradually extinct during the long decay of their vast empire was never succeeded by a true sentiment of Italian nationality,—in all other parts of Europe, continues M. QUINET:—

Beneath the pressure of the invaders might still be heard the murmurs of the society invaded. Under the Merovingians is felt an impulse of the Gaul. Spain cries under the Vandals, but Italy is silent under the Goths. Under the Lombards as under the Franks, these last barbarians were, indeed, accepted as allies, bringing peace at last to a soil wearied with battles. Like other nations Italy was conquered, but the conquerors could never establish a permanent authority, and victory created no rights for them. They added but the serfage of the subjected to the serfage of the subdued, and the ancient nationality perished while a new one was not allowed to form. The moment a centre of national authority appeared, a man made a sign from the midst of the ruins of Rome, and the foreigner, Pepin, or Charlemagne, descended the Alps and threw back into the same ruin the conquerors and the conquered.

Here, however, we must remark in passing, that no "ancient nationality" could perish in Italy, for that sentiment never had existence. The pride of the Roman republic, the patriotism of the Roman citizen was narrow, jealous, and exclusive; but of all the people submitted to its yoke none maintained such long and fierce resistance to its growing power as those neighbouring republics of Italy, the colonies which had grown into small but flourishing and independent states, whose own quarrels and rivalships alone rendered them at last unwilling prey to Rome. It was not till after the reign of AUGUSTUS and under his successors that the right of the imperial city was granted to all the Italians, a circumstance which causes SISMONDI to exclaim, "they received the privilege of Roman citizens only when the Roman citizen had ceased to be a sovereign." Consequently, when the Western Empire fell, the tradition of liberty to Italy was separation, not union, the building of cities, and not the construction of a nationality. The system dates probably from the period when this garden of nature became first the habitation of man, and to the present day political philosophers strike against it in despair. To borrow the words of M. GIOBERTI, the friend of the late King of Sardinia, "Italy includes from the North to the South, provinces and populations differing in character as essentially as the populations of the most northern and most southern portions of Europe." M. QUINET himself observes in another place:

The young republics of the middle ages, scarcely issuing from the cradle invoke antiquity and not the future. The communal revolution which elsewhere in Europe was termed "freedom, innovation"—in Italy was called "restoration, customs."

If the key of Italian history is to be found in the past there are many facts related which need not excite surprise:

The Popes, Gregory the Third, Zacharias, Leo, Stephen, Adrian, are accused of having shown foreigners the way to Italy by incessantly appealing to the Frank kings against the Lombards. They did more, they strangled Italy in its birth, for to produce a nation it was necessary either that the indigenous population should release itself from the conqueror or that the occupiers should be allowed repose to form a central power. But the continual calling in the stranger by the Papacy, did not too rudely wound the instinct of the people, for I find in the pages of those who relate the story scarce any traces of complaint—the sentiment of municipal liberty being strong, and that of national independence extremely feeble, no shame attached to the idea of provoking foreign invasion, no exile in the middle ages hesitated to

do so, and in this respect the nobility and the people were equally culpable. The Bourgeoisie and the workmen in Florence in turn summoned against her the Duke of Milan, the Gibellines, the Germans, the Popes, Europe; neither the people nor the Bourgeoisie deemed it a reproach for any party to gain authority by the sword of the stranger. "Let the city perish rather than the faction," was the cry of the middle ages.

This cry gave up the ancient republics of Italy to ancient Rome; with this cry was perpetuated the principle of dependence upon a power foreign from its commencement to its close, and the two inheritors of the supremacy of Rome over Italy, the Emperor and the Pope, divided the allegiance of the divided states. M. QUINET observes:

Some chose the church for master, some the Emperor; the idea never occurred to these republics that they were free to stand alone.

A spark of independence kindling towards the 10th century produced the Lombard League:

Italy felt the weight not of the Emperor's yoke, but of his ministers, the German Counts and Marquises that overran the country, the leagued towns appealed to the Emperor for justice against his representatives, they required the confirmation of their ancient customs, the guarantee of their civil and military rights, freedom in marriage, election of magistrates at the sound of bells, liberty of traffic throughout Italy; subsequently the demands increased, they desired to retain no longer the Emperor's palace in the towns, to name consuls, to coin money, in a word to escape altogether from German interference. The year 1170, saw a day unique in the annals of Italy, when millions of men, excepting only the priests, the dumb and the blind, took solemnly the following oath: "In the name of the Lord, Amen! I swear upon the Holy Evangelists that I will accept neither peace, nor truce, nor treaty with Frederic the Emperor, neither with his son, nor with his wife, nor with any person bearing his name, neither in my own person nor by any other, and in good faith, and by all means in my power I will endeavour to prevent the entrance into Italy of any army, small or great, from Germany, or from any part of the Emperor's dominions beyond the Alps; and if any army should penetrate into the country, I will make determined war against the Emperor and his party, till the said army shall have quitted Italy, and I will administer to my sons the same oath as soon as they have attained the age of fourteen years."

The League victorious, the Popes negotiated a peace in which Italy again voluntarily gave herself up to subjection, acknowledging in perpetuity the imperial right. This fact, apparently extraordinary, may in part, perhaps, be explained by another fact, which appears more extraordinary still; the petitions addressed to the Emperor, setting forth the faults of his administrators, bear generally German signatures, a proof that the Lombard nobility were the earlier promoters of the insurrection. The two chief towns of Lombardy, Pavia and Milan were the heads of the League:

The population of Lombard origin were most active in the insurrection. They designed to employ its advantages for their own profit, and at the expense of the indigenous population;—and the people were never so unfortunate as at the moment when they recovered their freedom. The Italian nobility attempted to re-establish the Lombard laws, and govern the Italians of the twelfth century by the institutions of the seventh: they once more assumed the right of compounding the murder of one of the common people for a sum of money. In order to defend themselves against the restoration of these barbarous usages, the towns elected a chief, whom they named captain, or conservator of the people, but, unable to support his authority under the tyranny of the nobles, they consented anew to become the Emperor's vassals, that they might obtain his protection.

A revolution more essential and more permanent succeeded: it was that in which the nobles were overpowered by the commons, who had gradually increased in wealth and importance, and in turn laid claim to the dominion of society:

For the first time in the history of the world, labour was ennobled—every trade was termed an art. Whoever had not his name inscribed on the public books as professor of one of these arts, was considered a useless, or hurtful member, and as such cut off from the body of the state. The noble who desired to remain a citizen was obliged to adopt a trade, and landed influence passed under the yoke of industry.

If a noble admitted to the rank of plebeian was guilty of a murder in the course of ten years, he was punished

by perpetual degradation to the class of nobility. Thus, to belong to the ancient aristocracy was a condition of political and social death.

But the word people, "Popolo," which had been the rallying cry of the oppressed communities, became once more the sign of division amongst those who fought under the same banner. The chief citizens and the lower, the chief arts and the lower. And disputes upon the hierarchy of trades, absorbed minds which a century before had been occupied by the question of spiritual and temporal authority.

Hardly had the wealthy citizens triumphed over the nobles by the people's aid, than they turned their weapons against the people with a strength of hatred that could never weary, "of what consequence to us is the opinion or the baying of this crowd," was the inviolable language. The republican Varchi declares he cannot even tolerate that the lower people should be allowed so much as to think upon public affairs, the mind of Machiavel alone rose superior to these traditions of disdain.

But insult was the least evil visited upon the unfortunate plebeians by the class which had just emerged from their own. There had been a social war of extermination between the nobility and the commons—a war of extermination followed between the commons and the lower people. There is much to interest and to instruct in the mournful history of a country's ceaseless efforts to destroy itself, but we conclude our extracts, having reached again the author's point of observation from which we started.

MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS.

I. NEW BOOKS.

Dr. J. WHITEHEAD of Manchester has published an octavo work of 351 pages, on the *Transmission from Parent to Offspring of some forms of Disease*. The volume is chiefly occupied with the subject of hereditary syphilis; but the general doctrines of hereditary transmission of diseases, morbid taints, and physical peculiarities are also considered. The author enumerates the following as diseases commonly considered liable to hereditary transmission: scrofula, rachitis, phthisis, cancer, mania, epilepsy, convulsions, apoplexy, paralysis, diseases of dentition, asthma, dropsy, gout, rheumatism, stone in the bladder, cataract, deafness, syphilis, sychosis, quinsy and erysipelas. The same hereditary taint may, however, in different individuals of the same family produce different manifestations; for example, the want of one or more of the sensorial faculties is common in members of families predisposed to insanity. "Thus, in the offspring of demented parents, one or both being affected, one child may be born deaf, or blind, or otherwise defective, and this child will retain the mental faculties in a state of integrity, and even of vigour; while some of the others, perfect in these respects, have inherited weakness of intellect;" (p. 35.) It is also necessary to bear in mind, that the affections enumerated above are by no means essentially or pathologically distinct; thus, epilepsy, cataract, and various forms of insanity are often associated together, or we may find, in a tainted family, one member suffering from insanity, another from epilepsy, and a third, though with unclouded intellect, yet the victim of cataract, cancer, or some other grievous bodily ailment. The uric acid diathesis may appear in one brother, as rheumatism; in another, as gout; in a third, as stone in the bladder; not to speak of the numerous and important cerebral, cardiac, and other affections classed by physicians under the convenient and expressive term of *anomalous gout*. Temperaments, as well as diseases, are hereditary; and so are many peculiarities, such as supernumerary fingers and toes, strangely-shaped limbs, &c. &c. Dr. WHITEHEAD mentions the following curious case which is a good illustration of the transmission of another class of peculiarities:—"A few weeks since," says he, "I was applied to by a nurse, bearing in her arms an infant four days old, who had two incisor teeth in the lower jaw, which she requested to have extracted. At first, I said that there seemed no necessity for removing them, and, as they were well grown, being at least two lines elevated from the level of the gum, I told her it was a fortunate circumstance that they had come forth with so little disturbance. She informed me, however, that the mother's first child (this being the second), had a similar congenital dentition, and

in consequence of the teeth having, in that child inflicted a deep-seated ulceration on the under surface of the tongue, by pressure in sucking, and that in the present instance considerable inconvenience had already begun to arise, which on examination, I found to be true, her request was immediately complied with. I was afterwards informed that the mother of this child had been the subject of a similar congenital irregularity;" (p. 11.) The reappearance of ancestral peculiarities, after lying dormant for one or two generations, is described by Dr. WHITEHEAD; and fully established. The various topics discussed by the author are of momentous interest to individuals, to families, and to communities; as by following the leadings of science, as unfolded in recent researches, individuals may assuredly, in numerous instances, ward off threatened diseases; families may be spared from extermination; and the whole mass of society may be rendered more wholesome, more vigorous, and more happy. I would also remark, that the exact causes of disease and of death ought to be more systematically studied in their relation to families than they now are; and also that members of unhealthy families ought to be specially anxious (if not for the sake of science and humanity, yet for their own good,) to afford to their medical advisers every possible means of making necroscopic observations, and of instituting minute researches during life. The prophylaxis, as well as the cure of disease, is the physician's mission: and it is in the former direction that the boundaries of medical science are at present chiefly extending.—Dr. BASCOMBE'S *History of Epidemic Pestilences* is a work of considerable merit. It professes to be an account of pestilences from 1495 years before the birth of our Saviour, to A.D. 1848, with researches into their nature, causes, and prophylaxis. The subject, however, is far too vast to be discussed within the limits of 250 not overcrowded pages, and we think that the author has greatly erred in striving to compress his materials into so restricted a space, the more especially as the poetical quotations—a lively feature in the book—are neither short nor few in number. The want of an index or table of contents greatly impairs the value of the work for purposes of reference.—Dr. CARPENTER'S *Manual of Physiology and Physiological Anatomy*. This erudite and yet simple text-book comes forth in a second edition (12mo., pp. 616), beautifully illustrated with 190 illustrations in wood engraving. This is unquestionably the best book of its class for students. In his preface, the author says, "Although this manual combines in some degree the scope of the author's *Principles of Physiology, General and Comparative*, and of his *Principles of Human Physiology*, yet it cannot be regarded as a mere abridgement of them, having been written for the most part with very little reference to them, and with every desire to make it complete in itself."—Dr. CARPENTER has also issued a new, a third edition, of his *Principles of Physiology*. It is a splendid octavo, of 1098 pages, profusely illustrated by 321 wood engravings, and is undoubtedly a work without a rival.—Mr. BRANSBY B. COOPER, Senior Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, has just published his *Lectures on Surgery* (8vo., 964 pages.) They have already appeared, in a less perfect form, in *The Medical Gazette*. The sources whence are derived the cases occurring in the practice of others are never given, which greatly diminishes the value of the book, as it is often necessary for those engaged in the investigation of any special topic to go to the original sources for ampler details; the more particularly, as it is constantly being found that cases are frequently quoted at second and third hand, till they gradually lose their characteristic features and their value. There are several examples of this in Mr. COOPER'S volume; and we could mention some medical and surgical works of repute in which they are abundant and flagrant. As giving Mr. COOPER'S experience of twenty-five years at Guy's, this volume cannot fail to be well received by the profession.—Mr. PHILLIPS'S *Translation of the Pharmacopœia Londinensis* of 1851 has appeared. This valuable work was in the press when the author died; but Mr. DENHAM SMITH, his friend and former pupil, has brought it out in a state of as great perfection as could have been attained by the author. The critical and expository notes are generally much to our liking.—LEHMANN'S *Physiological Chemistry*. Professor DAX, of St. Andrew's, has translated this work for the Cavendish Society, from the second Leipsic edition. Physicians who strive to keep pace with the rapid progress of science ought to have this book within their reach. It contains

numerous novelties.—Mr. HENRY LEE has laid before the Profession the results of some very careful and successful researches into the origin of Inflammation of the Veins, and on the Causes, Consequences, and Treatment of Purulent Deposits. He seems to have opened up a new path, by which may ultimately be gained a more successful method of treating this class of diseases.—Dr. SYMONDS lately delivered two lectures on *Sleep and Dreams* at the Bristol Literary and Philosophical Institution. They are now published by JOHN MURRAY. We recommend them to those who wish to have clear and philosophical views upon a subject rarely well comprehended. The study of such works as this would be a useful preliminary occupation for those who have a desire to venture within the tangled meshes of Mesmerism. The possession of rational views on the subject of sleep and dreams will facilitate the separation of the real phenomena from the imposture and charlatany with which they are so commonly associated under the designation of Mesmerism and Animal Magnetism.

II. MEDICAL SOCIETIES.

The Meetings for the Session are now fixed. I have tabulated them below for October, November, and December, with the exception of the Harveian, Epidemiological, and such other Societies as have not published an official programme. Strangers are admitted (upon the recommendation of members), to all the meetings mentioned in the subjoined table; and when medical practitioners from the country have a leisure evening in town, they cannot occupy it more improvingly than by attending one of these reunions, which tend so much to promote a spirit of good-will and scientific emulation among the medical men of the metropolis. It would be out of my power to give an account of all the valuable papers read, and the discussions which take place regarding them; but when anything of great or general interest is brought forward, the readers of THE CRITIC may rely on my informing them of it.

Time of Meeting.	Place of Meeting.	Name of Society.
Oct. 11, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Medical.
" 17, 8 P.M.,	44, Sloane-st.	Western Med. & Sur.
" 18, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Medical.
" 21, 8 P.M.,	44, Sloane-st.	Western Med. & Sur.
" 25, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Medical.
Nov. 1, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Medical.
" 4, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Pathological.
" 7, 8 P.M.,	44, Sloane-st.	Western Med. & Sur.
" 8, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Medical.
" 11, 8 P.M.,	Berners-st.	Royal Medico-Chi.
" 15, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Medical.
" 18, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Pathological.
" 21, 8 P.M.,	44, Sloane-st.	Western Med. & Sur.
" 22, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Medical.
" 25, 8 P.M.,	Berners-st.	Royal Medico-Chi.
" 29, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Medical.
Dec. 2, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Pathological.
" 5, 8 P.M.,	44, Sloane-st.	Western Med. & Sur.
" 6, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Medical.
" 9, 8 P.M.,	Berners-st.	Royal Medico-Chi.
" 13, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Medical.
" 16, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Pathological.
" 20, 8 P.M.,	32, George-st.	Medical.

III. HOME RESORTS FOR INVALIDS.

The fashion of expatriating invalids, especially those affected with pulmonary complaints, is now fortunately on the wane; and it is generally admitted by practical physicians, that the British Isles, upon the whole, offer resorts as good and as varied for consumptive, and most other classes of patients, as any which foreign climes can afford. What is distant and difficult to obtain is, however, always likely to possess a charm with some minds, and therefore, unless fashion come to the aid of common sense, the luxurious sick are not so likely to be so well pleased by being sent to Sidmouth, or Strathpeffer, as to Rome or Baden. Nevertheless, it is satisfactory to observe, that from the exertions of various scientific individuals, and from the stimulus afforded to their labours by the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, much important information is now being collected regarding the medical topography of this country.

SIDMOUTH.—Dr. CULLEN has pointed out that this place offers great advantages in consequence of the remarkable equability of its temperature, and the smallness of the variations in the density of its atmosphere. These points, as well as the quantity of rain which falls, and the number of rainy days as contrasted with Clifton, Torquay, &c., &c., are made plain by tabulated observations. The mean annual temperature of Sidmouth is 51.97; the mean winter temperature 42.44; the

mean spring temperature 49.86; the mean summer temperature 62; the mean autumn temperature 52.78. During the year, the mean daily range is 9.69; during winter it is 7.00; during spring 11.08; during summer 11.00, and during autumn 10.40. It appears from the tables that the mean daily range of temperature is less at Sidmouth than at Undercliff, London, Queens-town, Birmingham, Torquay, and Hastings. The mean annual range of the barometer is at Sidmouth 1.41; at Torquay 1.96; at Undercliff 1.68; at Clifton 2.34; at Queenstown 1.97; at Hastings 1.56; at London 1.99; and at Exeter 1.56. It appears from the subjoined table that the climate of Sidmouth is actually drier than that of Clifton, stated by Sir JAMES CLARK to be the driest in the west of England.

Mean Annual Dew Point.

Sidmouth	46.72
Undercliff	46.28
Torquay	45.90
Birmingham	46.30
Clifton	48.60
London	44.44
Exeter	46.20

As corroborative of the peculiarity of the Sidmouth climate, Dr. CULLEN mentions the names of some of the tender exotics that live and flourish in the open air. He says,—“The myrtle attains a great size, some in the Fort field being more than twenty feet high. The magnolia and azalea thrive remarkably well. Many of the fuschia tribe live out unprotected all the year, as do the verbenum, salvia, coronilla, &c. &c.; and during the winter season, many of our native flowers may always be found enlivening the otherwise desolate hedges.”

IV. CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

SULPHURIC ACID IN DIARRHŒA AND CHOLERINE.—The efficacy of dilute sulphuric acid in checking certain forms of diarrhœa, though by no means a new fact to medical men, has lately attracted considerable attention; and various papers have been published in the journals with the view of explaining the rationale of the beneficial action, and of determining the selection of cases suitable for its administration. Without entering into any abstruse speculations on the subject, I may state, from my own experience, and from that of others, that when the discharge is a direct exudation of the serous part of the blood, as is the case in cholérine, the sulphuric acid gives great and prompt relief, provided there be no special circumstance to contra-indicate its employment. The nature of the therapeutic action, whatever it may be, is undoubtedly, in some degree, similar to that which takes place when the same medicine acts as a styptic in any passive hæmorrhage. It also, perhaps, has a special beneficial action by increasing the animal heat. In inflammatory dysentery, sulphuric acid ought not rashly to be given. The following method of administering the medicine is recommended:—Take from two to four fluid drachms of dilute sulphuric acid of the *London Pharmacopœia*; add water, sufficient to make an eight ounce mixture. Of this, the physician may prescribe from half-an-ounce to an ounce, to be taken every two, three, or four hours. The coldness of surface, spasms, and vomiting, characteristic of cholérine, frequently abate and cease, when this treatment, unassisted by any other, is used; but there is an obvious propriety, in all such cases, of a careful attention to the temperature of the body, quietude, and diet, as accessories to the cure. To arrest the drain from the blood, for such really is the serous purging of cholérine, must obviously be a leading aim; and that sulphuric acid is often the best medicine for effecting this object, I firmly believe.—QUININE IN CONTINUED FEVER, is recommended very strongly by Dr. DUNDAS, of the Northern Hospital, Liverpool. He founds his statements upon his extensive experience in Brazil, and upon corroborative evidence obtained by himself and others in the Hospitals of Liverpool and London. The prevailing maxim is that “We may guide, but that we cannot cure, a fever;” that we may avert dangerous complications, but that we cannot cut short the disease. This proposition Dr. DUNDAS opposes, in a recent number of *The Medical Times*. He says:—“In Typhus, as in the remittent and intermittent of hot climates, the treatment of quinine will be successful in proportion to its early administration; also, in the tropical fever, the doses should be large—ten or twelve grains—and repeated at intervals not exceeding two hours. Three or four doses will, in

most cases, be sufficient to exert the specific influence of the medicine.” As the practice recommended by Dr. DUNDAS can so easily be tested on a large scale in our different fever hospitals, its merits are likely soon to be accurately determined. At present, physicians are as much opposed to giving it for the purpose of cutting short continued fever, as they are in favour of exhibiting it when the disease is characterized by periodic paroxysms, i. e., when it is remittent or intermittent. In the stage of convalescence from continued fever, quinine, and various preparations of the cinchona bark are much and deservedly used; but the novelty of Dr. DUNDAS's idea consists in his averring that quinine cuts short a typhus fever by the same specific power that it cures a remittent or intermittent.—WARBURG'S FEVER DROPS, lately so genteelly puffed in London, are supposed to owe their virtues to two well known antiperiodic remedies, quinine and arsenic. The drops are not more efficacious than well known formulæ. Dr. JOHN DAVY has exposed WARBURG's tricks, and extensive clandestine purchase of quinine, by publishing some private correspondence in *The Medical Times* of the 18th October.—KOUSSO IN TAPE WORM, as now appears, and as was generally suspected, has been too hastily proclaimed an unfailing specific by certain sanguine physicians. It must henceforth be placed with our other valuable anthelmintic medicines; but, in rank, it must not be elevated much, if at all, above the male fern. The ethereal tincture, or the powder of the root of this indigenous plant, is not adequately appreciated. An exorbitant price, a disguised form, and skilful laudation, might easily have given it (under some other name, of course) an immense reputation—a fame as great as that which koussou so rapidly attained. It is now on record that various cases, supposed to have been cured by koussou, have relapsed. During the month of September, three failures came under the notice of the physicians of St. George's Hospital. One of the patients had been treated by koussou during February, in King's College Hospital; and, at that time, it was supposed with success, for, after the dose, the man passed a tape-worm thirty-seven feet in length. BRUCE, in his travels, mentions the anthelmintic virtues of koussou; and they have been well-known in Abyssinia for more than two centuries, though it is only a few years ago that they have been appreciated in Europe. The powdered flowers constitute the drug as commonly employed in France and England. The tree which yields them is twenty feet high, and a native of Abyssinia. By artful management on the part of the drug importers and brokers, koussou has hitherto maintained a most exorbitant price. A high price has not, however, protected its purity, for it has been much adulterated, especially, we believe, by admixture with the powder of the root of the male fern (*felix aspidium mas.*), a fact which strikingly points out the unbridled and unprincipled cupidity of drug speculators. Experimenters who wish to test the value of koussou, ought to see the flowers (*flores brayeræ anthelminticæ*), in the state in which the wholesale druggists receive them.—THE MALE ACARUS OF SCABIES.—A clinical assistant (M. LANQUETIN), attached to the service of M. CAZENAVE, at the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris, has found the male acarus of itch in the human subject. It has hitherto escaped the most careful search, the female having, till now, only been observed. The extreme minuteness of the male of this parasite, explains the difficulty of detecting it, as it is not half the size of the female, and can scarcely be seen by the naked eye.—Dr. WILSON's “Biography of Professor John Reid,” so long promised, is now said to be in the press. Some deeply interesting sketches of the character and career of this eminent physiologist appeared in *The Medical Times*, in January, February, and March, of the present year; but we understand that the work of Dr. WILSON is to be on a much more extended scale.—Dr. MAYNE's “Expository Lexicon,” was noticed in the last number of THE CRITIC (p. 478.) We are glad to find that H. R. H. the Prince ALBERT has directed his name to be placed on the list of subscribers, for three copies.—ILLEGIBLE PRESCRIPTIONS.—The culpable carelessness with which many physicians pen their prescriptions is a great and increasing evil in this country; and also, it appears, on the other side of the Atlantic. *The American Journal of Pharmacy* records a death resulting from an illegible prescription, and remarks:—“The wonder is, that so few accidents occur from that source. Nothing but the familiarity of the apothecary with the

peculiarity of some obscure chirography, in certain cases, saves life on the one side, and reputation on the other." I have heard that similar remarks are often, and I fear too justly, made to their customers, by London dispensing chemists.—**MR. PALMER'S ARTIFICIAL LEG** deservedly attracted a great deal of attention in the Crystal Palace; but we learn that many were, and still are, under the impression that the maker and exhibitor had had his limb amputated above the knee, like the Marquis of ANGLESEA. **MR. PALMER'S** case of motion, as contrasted with that of the Marquis, ceases to be remarkable, when we learn that, in the former, the surgeon has spared, and, in the latter, removed, the knee-joint. **LORD ANGLESEA**, after minutely examining **MR. PALMER'S** invention, renewed his order to **MR. GRAY** for a new leg. This ought to be generally made known to surgeons.—**INFINITESIMAL DOSES.**—**DR. RANSFORD**, a new and apparently too ardent recruit of Homeopathy, announces triumphantly that he has salivated a lady with "nine globules of **MERCURIUS**." If true, this certainly would be a crucial experiment in favour of the reality of the action of infinitesimal doses; but it would entirely subvert everything written by **HÄNEMANN**, **EVEREST**, and their disciples, who boast to the community that the therapeutic agents which they employ have neither physical nor chemical characters, and produce neither salivation, nor any other violent action. **DR. RANSFORD'S** dashing exploit with **MERCURIUS** is amusingly commented upon in *The London Journal of Medicine* for October. An instrument, termed a **MAGNETOSCOPE**, discovered by **MR. RUTTER**, of Blackrock, Brighton, is at present the toy of the globule-loving savans: and well it may, for it sagaciously repudiates all disturbing influences (which must exist in numerous particles floating in the atmosphere), and sensitively testifies, by peculiar movements, to the presence of infinitesimal doses of all the Homeopathic remedies: e. g., "Sulphur, 30," caused "a reverse current;" and "Kali hydr. 30, stopped" the pendulum. To believe in such statements requires a large amount of faith in the witnesses, when we think of the impurities of the atmosphere, and the smallness of the quantities said to affect the instrument. As small and infinitesimal are vague and indefinite terms, a friend has made the following calculation for the purpose of enabling the readers of *THE CRITIC* to form some sort of a conception of what an infinitesimal dose really is, as well as an idea of the delicacy of **MR. RUTTER'S** instrument. It would take, at the rate of one of the largest of such doses per diem, a period of 2,739 years for a patient to consume one grain of sulphur! No recognised scientific men have as yet reported on this astounding **Magnetoscope**; and, therefore, further comment upon its revelations are, at present, uncalled for. In these days of mystic belief and easy credence, the slow adoption of the marvellous is a great and an uncommon virtue.

What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,
Till the swollen bubble bursts—and all is air!!

CELSUS.

MUSIC.

Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

MRS. WARNER continues earning laurels. She appeared on the 26th ultimo, at Burton's Theatre, as *Hermione*, in the *Winter's Tale*.—**Miss Laura Addison** was to make her first appearance in the States, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on the 29th ultimo.—The Paris Italian Theatre has re-opened with great éclat, and promises to have a successful season with **Madame Barbieri Nini**, and the rest of its new staff.—The *Sacred Harmonic Society* announces its intention of commencing its winter season in November by performing the "Seasons" of Haydn.—After a pause of some duration, the Literary Guild theatricals are about to recommence. Bath and Bristol will be the provincial towns first visited by the amateurs.—**Catherine Hayes** gave her second concert in New York on the 25th ultimo, and her third was to take place on the 27th ultimo. **Miss Hayes** had been visited twice or thrice by the President of the United States and his family, **Archbishop Hughes**, and all the fashion of the city.—**Miss Glyn**, who was so long one of the chief supports of **Sadler's Wells Theatre**, has again resumed her Shakespearean readings. On Thursday night she read *Macbeth* in the great room of the Whittington Club to an overflowing audience, who were enthusiastic in their applause.—**Dr. Bexfield's** oratorio "Israel Restored" was performed at Norwich a few evenings ago, and received with every sign of cordiality by a crowded audience.—A new *Cantata* by **Mr. Macfarren**, on the subject of Bürger's "Lenore,"

is in the hands of **Mr. Hullah**, to be performed at one of his *Monthly Concerts*.—The town council of Liverpool have decided that **Mr. Willis**, the builder of the great organ in the Exhibition, shall be entrusted with the building of the organ for **St. George's Hall**. This organ is intended to be larger than any other in the world, about twice the size of the famous one at Haarlem, and is intended to be furnished with at least 120 stops.—**Miss Catherine Haynes**, **Mrs. Warner**, **Madame Anna Thillon**, **Miss Cushman**, and **Miss Laura Addison**, were all performing in New York to crowded audiences, and each in her walk giving delight to the ears and hearts of our transatlantic friends. **Miss Hayes** is a great favourite, and has gained great praise, by giving a concert for the benefit of **Father Mathew** and the temperance cause.—A letter from **Ferrara**, in the *Trieste Gazette*, mentions that the celebrated tenor, **Fraschini**, was murdered at Bologna, on the 10th ult., while sitting at his breakfast. The murderer is said to be his colleague, the baritone **Colini**, and the motive professional jealousy. **Colini** succeeded in escaping, according to the same account. The murdered man has left a widow and four children. We must state, however, that late accounts from Venice deny the truth of the assassination.—**Mrs. Fanny Kemble**, whilst riding on the Grand Parade, Brighton, on Thursday, was thrown from her horse with great violence near to the kerb, and had a narrow escape of a very serious injury. She was conveyed to her hotel, but, after a few hours, **Mrs. Kemble** quite rallied, and gave the reading which was announced for that evening at the Newburgh rooms, where she met with a hearty reception from a crowded audience, several of whom evinced great anxiety as to her safety.—**Spaulding**, the circus proprietor, is about building in Cincinnati a monster floating palace, for theatrical, circus, and menagerie performances. It is to be 400 feet, with 60 feet beam, and is to accommodate 4,000 spectators. It is to be towed by two steam tenders to the various towns upon the Mississippi and its tributaries, in summer, and to be moored at the levee in New Orleans in the winter. It is estimated to cost 40,000 dollars, and will be completed next spring.—It is announced by the foreign musical journals that the principal members of the Royal Italian Opera corps have left for St. Petersburg. The season there commenced on the 10th ult., and will close on the 24th February, on account of the short duration of the carnival in 1852. The sums to be paid to the principal artists are thus stated—**Mario and Grisi**, 80,000*fr.* each, and benefit of 20,000*fr.*; **Tamberlik**, **Ronconi**, **Tamburini**, and **Madame Persiani**, 65,000*fr.* each, and 15,000*fr.* benefit. **Perrot** and **Carlotta Grisi** are also engaged. The united salaries of the *troupe* will amount to about 700,000*fr.* for the season of four months and a half.—The Eistedfodd, or Congress of Welsh Bards, took place at Port Madoc, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th ult., under the presidency of **Lieut.-Gen. Sir Love Parry**. The ceremony opened with a grand procession of druids, bards, minstrels, orates, &c. After the president's address, **Mr. Jones**, the Bard-Laureate of the Eistedfodd, delivered an oration, and then the prizes were distributed. These rewards were bestowed on a great variety of merit. One obtained a medal for a short poem on the electric telegraph, another for the best specimen of Welsh wool. 15*fr.* were given to the best poem "On the memory of **Mr. W. A. Madock**, the founder of Tre-madoc;" 10*fr.* to the best essay on "The Means of Improving the Morals and Customs of the Welsh." Dinners and entertainments varied the scene; **Mr. Ellis Roberts**, harpist to the Prince of Wales, delighting the company on these occasions with his solos. It is resolved to have an annual Eistedfodd, to be held alternately in North and South Wales.

ART JOURNAL.

Talk of the Studios.

THE beautiful porphyry vase contributed to the Great Exhibition by the King of Sweden and Norway, which formed so conspicuous an ornament in the Swedish department, has been presented by his majesty to **Prince Albert**.—Nine new rooms on the ground-floor of the Louvre were opened to the public last Sunday. They contain a collection of French sculptures from the time of **Louis XII.** to the modern sculptors, **Houdon** and **Chaudet**. Three other rooms are to be opened at a later period, with sculptures of the middle ages.—The bronze statue of **William the Conqueror**, to be inaugurated at Falaise on the 26th ult., was exposed to public view in the Champs Elysées. The statue will be raised on a pedestal of granite, on the square of the Trinity, at the foot of the old castle of Falaise.—The *Société Libre des Beaux Arts* in Paris has set on foot a subscription for a monument, to be erected at **Petit-Bry-sur-Marne**, to the memory of one of its distinguished members, the late **M. Daguerre**. A committee has been named to report to the society on the subject.—Letters from the Hague state, that on Thursday last, the statue of **Rembrandt**, modelled by **M. Royer**, was cast in bronze at the foundry of **MM. Entham and Co.**, in presence of several persons of distinction. The operation was perfectly successful. The statue, although sixteen feet in height, and of colossal dimensions, does not exceed 18,000 kilos in weight.—Under an act of Parliament passed last

year, operations have been lately commenced to erect a national gallery on the earthen mound in the city of Edinburgh. The act was also passed for the promotion of fine arts in Scotland. The treasury has approved of the plans of the building. The gallery is to vest in the Royal Improvement Commissioners, and applied to the purposes intended, subject to the approbation of the treasury.—The municipality of the town of Tournai has given 1,200*fr.* for **M. Gaillait's** painting of the *Last Honours rendered to Counts d'Esmont and de Horn*, which was shown in the recent exhibition at Brussels.—**Sir James Anderson**, Lord Provost of Glasgow, waited on **Prince Albert** at Holyrood, with the view of inducing His Royal Highness to name the sculptor that should be selected to execute the statue of the Queen which it is proposed to erect in Glasgow, in commemoration of Her Majesty's visit to that city. His Royal Highness, we understand, received the Lord Provost of Glasgow in the most affable manner, but declined to undertake the responsibility of selecting a sculptor for the execution of the statue—thereby, as we humbly think, showing a good taste somewhat wanting in those who made the request.—**Mr. Powers**, the American sculptor, whose *Greek Slave* formed such a point of attraction in the Great Exhibition, is now engaged on a statue of great beauty, and of great allegorical interest, both as regards his own country and the prospects of the world at large. It represents California, under the form of a beautiful female figure, of the Indian type of feature, pointing with a divining rod to a mass of auriferous quartz, which is skillfully disposed so as to form the support of the statue. The voluptuous beauty of the figure, the smiling expression of her face, and the richness of her cap, bracelets, and armlets of native gold, are sufficient to awaken the enthusiasm of those who, through avarice or through adventurous spirit, leave all in search of the tempting metal; but here, indeed, we may say, "all is not gold that glitters"—the too often deluded hopes of the adventurers and the "deceitfulness of riches" are well typified by a bunch of thorns, which the enchanting California holds behind her back in her right hand, and which in the first burst of admiration are not visible to the gaze of the dazzled spectator.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

SINCE I closed my last another of the principal theatres of the metropolis has closed, and its talented company are by this time scattered over the face of the land in search of fresh air and quiet, or the glories of a starring engagement, till "Boxing Night" shall put in its noisy claim for new spectacles, plays, burlesques, and pantomimes, and they will again assemble in the Green Room of the Princess's, and the British public will again show their good taste in thronging to a theatre where good plays, good acting, and good management, put in a well-founded claim for the cordial support of all play-goers. I have already noticed the productions at the PRINCESS'S in their turn, as they first appeared, but it may not be out of place if I take a short retrospect of the past season, noticing revivals, which, though reviewed at their birth, are well worthy of a second notice in their maturity. The novelties produced during the summer season of 1851 at the Princess's were, *Love in a Maze*, *Pauline*, *The Alhambra*, *The Duke's Wager*, and a piece *de circonstance*, entitled *Apartment, Visitors to the Exhibition may be Accommodated*, &c. Of the first of these I have spoken more than once; it is a play of great merit, and will take a very high place in dramatic literature; the next, as interesting and well acted a melo-drama as ever was acted; the third, the most successful and witty burlesque of the season; the fourth, a most attractive and agreeable drama; and the last, the best farce that has appeared, written on two then all-engrossing and speculative subjects of the Great Exhibition. **SHAKESPEARE'S** always delightful comedy of *Twelfth Night*, with **Mrs. KEAN'S** charming impersonation of *Viola*, can never be repeated too often; it is one of the stock pieces of the house, and I hope we shall never miss for any considerable lapse of time the announcement that *Twelfth Night*, or *What you Will*, will be repeated: *Viola*, **Mrs. CHARLES KEAN**. *The Wife's Secret*, *The Gamester*, *A Model of a Wife*, have been among the revivals. The former too well known and identified with the name of **KEAN** to need comment. *The Gamester* is a very uncomfortable dismal play, and though **Mr.** and **Mrs. CHARLES KEAN**, by their true and feeling impersonation of the gambler and his heart broken wife raise it to a merit above its own, there is a disagreeable impression left behind that even their splendid acting cannot obliterate. For, after all, *Beverley* is no hero, he is a mean cowardly fellow at the best, and does not deserve the wife that fortune, cruel to him in other respects, has granted him. The *Beverley* of **Mr. CHARLES KEAN** almost releases the *Beverley* of the text from his unworthiness, and you cannot help feeling an interest in him, and being sorry for his death, so splendidly acted in the last scene of the play. *A Model of a Wife*, first produced under the **KEELEY** management of the Lyceum, is a capital farce, **Mr. WIGAN'S** rendering of the young Frenchman is an admirable piece of acting, and only to be equalled by his touching and feeling representation of the old French *Emigré* (with his noble kind heart struggling in vain to win the respect of the purse-proud schoolmaster

and his unfeeling boys), on a play written shortly after, entitled *To Parents and Guardians*. There is always something agreeable and original in Mr. WIGAN's acting, wherever he has been and in whatever part he has attempted. There was no occasion for any further novelty at this house. The thousands that poured into town every successive week went to see the plays that the thousands before them had described and recommended, and if I may judge by the crowded state of pit, boxes, and gallery, the talk of many a country Christmas fireside will be of the doings at the Princess's, and the remembrance of the merry hours they had passed under its roof will take its place among the now by-gone wonders of the Exhibition, and the bewildering recollections and impressions of the world, seen, in thousands of cases, for the first, and perhaps the last, time.

DRURY LANE will open with promenade concerts under the *baton* of the renowned JULLIEN, on Monday, the 10th of November.

Two new pieces appeared at the NEW STRAND, PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE, on Monday last, the one a farce from the pen of Mr. MORRIS BARNETT, entitled *Circumstantial Evidence*, the other a burlesque founded on the marriage of *Thetis and Peleus*, by the author of *Godiva*, &c. &c. The piece of *Circumstantial Evidence* consists in the alarm and remorse of a gentleman of a poetic turn of mind, who fancies he has driven a fair washerwoman to suicide, and who is always haunted by a "pot-boy," the witness (as he presumes), of his imaginary crime. This individual (capitally played by Mr. ROGERS) is in a constant state of confusion at the bribes showered upon him to assure his secrecy, and, of course, as he knows nothing his faith is kept in a most praiseworthy manner. The reappearance of the supposed victim sets all straight again, and the poet is released from his suspense, and also from his engagement with the daughter of a highly respectable retired retail—having made her hand one of the numerous and liberal bribes to insure the silence of the wondering "pot-boy." Pots, however, declines the honour, and is united to his old flame the pretty washerwoman. The play is sketched with considerable wit, and the part of the stolid pot-boy acted with great character and originality. Miss MARSHALL as the pretty laundress, and Mr. BELLON as the unfortunate poet, give great effect to the piece, which was unanimously pronounced successful. *Thetis and Peleus*, or *the Chain of Roses* is a decided success, there is hardly a line throughout the piece in which there is not some happy allusion or irresistible pun. The story turns on the little "Household Words" of *Jupiter and Juno*. The flirting transformations of the fair nymph—*Thetis*, who tries on every change in her power to wear out the suit of *Peleus*. Now as a nymph, now as a rose-tree (Nature's Bloomer), and then making her faithful knight mourn by changing herself into a roarer, i. e. a Tigress. Her vagaries, however, have no end, and she is caught in the chain of roses, provided by a very funny magician (Mr. J. REEVE), by the command of *Jupiter*, the friend and assistant of *Peleus*. There is not much in the story, but it is so well treated and dressed in such a rich suit of wit and humour, that the want of incident is made up for by the sparkle of the dialogue. The replies of *Thetis* to the wooing of *Neptune* are the best bits of repartee I have heard for some time. Miss MARSHALL is a very fascinating *Peleus*, and looked remarkably well in her *quasi* classical costume, and the whole play was put on the stage in a most creditable manner. A unanimous call for the company followed the descent of the curtain, and the piece may safely be ranked among the many successes of the author.

"A piece of Prodigality" on the part of the management of the OLYMPIC has appeared, in the shape of a burlesque on *Asiatic*. It has most of the requisites for a successful extravaganza, though some fault may be found with the subject chosen as the vehicle for the pen of the author. It is, however, taken such a very long way from the play at Drury-lane, that but for the name, it would bear no analogy to it. The tent of *Reuben* is a gipsy encampment at Norwood. *Asiatic* is a gipsy youth with erratic propensities and a pretty sweetheart. Memphis—is London—Vauxhall (where he joins in a *pas de knife* and fork with as pretty a band of coryphées as one would wish to see,) is the first scene of his ruin, and the Great Exhibition is the next, where he is accompanied by the ballet, and fleeced by a thimble-rig, it being a well-known fact that the manly and athletic game of thimble-rig was constantly indulged in by rustics in the nave of the Crystal Palace. Here his old father seeks him in defiance of all police regulations, vending "Fly-papers, catch 'em all alive," and accompanied by *Jephthah* attired in the Bloomer costume. The Temple of Isis is transformed into a Casino of rather a peculiar organization, inasmuch as *Asiatic*, having declined to treat the company, is dropped from a window into the Thames, a proceeding not always (I believe) adopted on such occasions. We next find him on Hampstead Heath, engaged in the lucrative profession of a donkey-driver. Having bemoaned his fate, made a resolution to amend, and seen the usual amount of visions, he walks quietly home to Norwood. The text is full of point and humour, and the songs are mostly amusing and lively. Mr. COMPTON is excessively droll as *Asiatic*, and Mr. SHALDERS keeps one in a constant roar of laughter by his irresistibly comic acting. Mr. HENRY FARREN's benefit on

Tuesday last was the occasion of Miss LAURA KEENE's first appearance, a young lady who had assumed some reputation at the Richmond theatre, under the management of Mrs. BROUGHAM. The part chosen for her debut was *Pauline*, in BULWER's play of the *Lady of Lyons*. Miss KEENE's appearance is vastly in her favour, her figure is elegant and commanding, and her face not only handsome but full of expression, and susceptible of great and varied expression. In the first part of the play her acting was marked with great care and intelligence. In the third and fourth act the excitement of a first appearance, and the attendant anxiety seemed to tell on her powers, and several points were missed. But in the fifth act all her powers returned, not only was the calm discernment and judgment which had marked the whole performance preserved, but when the sufferings of the daughter in sacrificing herself for the safety of her father were set forth, a genuine unaffected pathos was displayed, which appealed strongly to the sympathies, and gave evidence of a talent hitherto dormant. This act was Miss KEENE's triumph, the feelings of the audience followed her throughout its progress, and the cheers that accompanied the bouquets at the fall of the curtain showed plainly that it was not merely the conventional approbation awarded by the good nature of the British public to every fair debutante, who may gain even the most moderate success, but the real and unbiased verdict of a gratified and appreciating audience. Mr. HENRY FARREN's *Claude Melnotte* was a carefully studied performance, and though rather noisy and crude in some parts, displayed a careful study and power which is an undoubted sign of improvement. There is an amount of care and heartiness about Mr. HENRY FARREN's acting that makes up in a great measure for his crudities. LORNETTE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—A performance, for the benefit of Mr. HENRY BENNETT, stage manager to the Printers' Dramatic Society, took place here on the 25th of October, and was very respectably attended. The entertainment consisted of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Box and Cox*, and *The Rent Day*, and were, of course, supported by amateurs, who managed to acquit themselves in general with that respectable degree of mediocrity to which, of late years, amateur acting has generally attained. The days when a non-professionally played tragedy was a farce are over, and the care and evident study which pieces now generally receive from amateurs completely lift the performance out of the range of melancholy burlesque with which an amateur play was long sure to be identical. Mr. DOBINGTON gave a fairly-conceived reading of *Romeo*, and Madame ANNA GEORGES, who possesses a fine stage figure and no lack of energy and self-possession, was a curious copy of Miss HELEN FAUCIT's *Juliet*. The performances went off with all *clat*.—A performance is announced to take place shortly, for the benefit of the Printers' Athenaeum.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

GENERAL PHYSICAL SCIENCE.—Professor Alexander has communicated to the American Philosophical Society a paper "On some Physical Phenomena dependent upon the progressive Motion of Light." After adverting to the recognised effect of the annual aberration of light, and that which is ordinarily termed planetary aberration, the author more particularly explained the dragging of the shadows of the earth and other planets. He then proceeded to the consideration of the case in which light passed through the transparent envelope of a body in motion, and observed, that inasmuch as the theory of undulation required that the ether should be possessed of inertia, and the inertia of our atmosphere must be incomparably greater than that of the ether, it would seem to follow that the velocity of the earth's atmosphere, due to its annual motion, must be impressed upon the light of the sun and stars in the passage of the same through the atmosphere, and thus produce an aberration which, in so far as the earth's motion was concerned, would be the opposite to that which actually exists. As to aberration being both in mode and measure, what it ought to be, if the earth had no atmosphere, Professor Alexander suggests, that the explanation of this was to be found in the great porosity of the atmosphere, by far the greater portion of the rays, so passing through as to escape the mechanical action of the molecules. When, however, the quantity of atmosphere to be traversed was so great, that light must be nearly absorbed, some sensible portion of it might be subject to the influence in question. He then refers to the phenomena of a blue band, seen by himself and others, bordering the edge of the earth's shadow into which the moon entered, up to the time of the last lunar eclipse, but which was less distinct on the side at which the moon emerged; and shows that these phenomena were consistent with the supposition of such an impulse, accompanied by the dragging of the shadow.

CHEMISTRY.—Amongst other means of improvement of the present supply of water to the Metropolis, which have been brought before, and have engaged much of the attention of the Government commissioners appointed for that purpose, is that of the removal of carbonate of lime from the water, with a portion of the organic and colouring matter, by adding to it a proper

quantity of caustic lime, as proposed by Professor Clark, either in the form of lime-water, or of the dry hydrate of lime. Carbonate of lime being held in solution by the free carbonic acid gas dissolved in water, is precipitated by boiling, which expels the gas, as already stated, and may be precipitated by removing the same gas in any other way. Accordingly caustic lime, when added to hard water in sufficient quantity to neutralize the carbonic acid, removes the solvent, and becoming at the same time carbonate of lime, must precipitate together with that originally in solution. The operation of this process was first witnessed by the commissioners at the Mayfield Print-works in Lancashire, where 300,000 gallons of water are submitted to it daily, at a trifling expense, and with little trouble, but more for the purpose of discolouration than softening. A careful series of experiments made in the laboratory, left no doubt on the minds of the commissioners that the means of conducting this process are certain in their results, and sufficiently simple to be left to the execution of a workman of ordinary intelligence. The precipitation of the carbonate of lime was terminated within twenty-four hours, and the water, if free from turbidity before the liming, continued in that state, but if originally turbid, it remained so, and required filtration besides the liming, to make it clear. The New River and Thames waters were softened in this way, to an average of about three-and-a-half degrees of hardness, or to a lower point than by an hour's boiling. More important trials of this chemical process upon the large scale were afterwards undertaken by the commissioners at the Chelsea Water-works, which were conducted under the immediate superintendence of Mr. J. Simpson, jun., the resident engineer. The usual supply of water pumped up from the river was run into the first reservoir, in company with a small stream of milk of lime, flowing from a wooden cistern, in which the powder of slaked lime was mixed with water, and kept in suspension by stirring. The intermingled streams passed on into one of the great settling reservoirs to the extent of from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 gallons, which is nearly a day's supply. The only precaution taken to insure the absence of any excess of caustic lime, consisted in testing the water in the settling reservoir by a drop of nitrate of silver, which shows if the quantity of lime required has been exceeded, by the brown colour of the precipitate then formed. After subsiding, generally for twenty-four hours or longer, the water was finally passed through the ordinary sand-filters before being distributed. The degree of hardness before and after the softening process, in five such experiments, was reported to the commissioners by Mr. Simpson; and the conclusions which were come to, both by the engineer and by the commissioners, from these experiments, in which the operation had not the advantage of the efficient means of mixing, which might be introduced where it was permanently adopted, were, that the process falls easily into the routine operations of water-works, and is not attended with any peculiar difficulty on the large scale; and that the softening of Thames water in its ordinary condition by this process, to a point under four degrees of hardness, is perfectly practicable.—Report by the Government Commission on the Chemical Quality of the supply of Water to the Metropolis.

ZOOLOGY.—New Marine Animals.—Professors Edward Forbes and J. Goodin, in a yachting cruise among the Hebrides, have discovered several remarkable and interesting specimens of the Ascidia and Radiata, some of them so curious in themselves, and so important in their zoological relations, that they thought it desirable to submit an account of them to the scientific world. The most remarkable of them, is the longest compound Ascidian yet discovered in the Atlantic Ocean. Its nearest described ally is the genus *Diazona*, between which animal and *Clavellina* it forms a link. These gentlemen also dredged up the *Holothuria intestinalis*, which is the second species of *Holothuria* discovered in the British seas, the first having been discovered by Mr. Peach, under the name of "Nigger" given to it by the Cornish fishermen. Seven new species of Medusæ were also described in the communication made by these gentlemen.

EAST INDIA COMPANY'S MUSEUM.—Several valuable specimens have lately been added to the Honourable East India Company's Museum, in Leadenhall-street, consisting of different species of sheep from Thibet, a goat and a wild ass from the same country; a goat from Kumaon, and a four-horned antelope. The whole of these specimens of natural history have been presented by Captain R. Strachey, and have been stuffed and arranged by Mr. J. Baker, animal preserver to the company, and to the British Museum.

New Species of *Menobranthus*.—This new species, *Menobranthus punctatus*, is smaller and more slender in its proportions than the species already known, and is of a nearly uniform dark olive colour above, with numerous small orange or yellowish coloured dots irregularly distributed over the whole surface, beneath pale flesh colour. At distant intervals over the upper surface there are large ill-defined spots, of darker colour than the rest of the surface, but not at all approaching the distinctness of the spots in *M. Maculatus*. This species was first discovered in cleaning rice-field ditches, which is done once a year, at the close of the winter.

PHILOLOGY.—In a recent number of the journal of the Royal Geographical Society, we learn that Lieut. Forbes, R.N., while employed in suppressing the slave

trade on the western coast of Africa, found at Bohmar, a town eight miles east of Cape Mount, near Liberia, inscriptions and writings in a native African character, which he soon ascertained to be the invention of, and in use among, the negroes called *Vei* or *Peahie*. It is said to have been adopted only about thirty years ago, but was soon extensively taught in their schools. It is syllabic, or represents syllables, not letters; and the number of symbols is said to be about 200, which are variously combined. The *Vei* language is spoken in the country to 300 or 400 miles east of Sierra Leone. The written character was in such general use, that at Bandakoro, their capital, there was scarcely an adult male who could not read and write it. But of late, the jealousy of the Spaniards at Gallinas had induced them to try every means of prevailing on the natives to suppress its use. Specimens of this character are introduced in the twentieth volume of *The Journal of the Geographical Society*.

ARCHÆOLOGY.—The attention of all who are interested in the search after, and discovery of, archaeological antiquities, has been lately directed to the results of the researches made by the Hon. Mr. Neville at Wilbraham in Cambridgeshire. In a late number of *The Times*, we are informed that the burnt bones found in the urns at Wilbraham, by Mr. Neville, have recently been handed over for examination to Professor Owen, of the Royal College of Surgeons, and we are told that he has pronounced them to be almost all human.

THE NEEDLE-PRIME RIFLE.—This weapon has been largely introduced into the Prussian army, has been employed in actual warfare, and is expected by its energetic and sanguine supporters to defy and to defeat artillery. Its native or German name is *Zundnadelgewehr*. Its internal structure is complicated, delicate, and very liable to be put out of order; its employment, in the hands of the rifleman, involves a series of movements which are unfavourable to its extensive adoption in corps made up of the young, the inexperienced, and those frequently not very intelligent. The needle-prime rifle is loaded at the breech, from which, after protracted firing, an unpleasant escape of gas takes place, not only in the face of the party who fires it off, but to a degree sufficient to be a cause of annoyance to his left hand neighbour. Sir Howard Douglas, who is no contemptible authority on such matters, considers the needle-prime rifle "too complicated and delicate an arm for general use. If it should be possible to simplify the construction of this musket and effectually prevent the escape of gas, it might be useful in the hands of a few expert men." Another authority remarks: "A weapon which, taken directly from a dry arm-rack, and used deliberately in a practice-yard, does wonders and excites high admiration, may fail in the hour of need, amid the manifold vicissitudes of a campaign; sleet, rain and frost, to say nothing of hurry and confusion."

PREVENTION OF ACCIDENTS BY FIRE-ARMS.—M. Fontenau of Montes, Belgium, has invented a modification of the percussion gun. In ordinary percussion guns, the cylindrical hammer which strikes upon the nipple whereon the cap is placed, is solid. M. Fontenau proposes that this solidity shall be drilled in such a manner as to admit of being fitted with a fine screw, which can, by turning, be easily raised or depressed in its bed. The inner end, if we may so speak, is alone to strike the cap. It is obvious that if this screw be turned so that the greater portion of it be out of the hammer, that though the gun be charged and capped and the hammer descends, the gun will not be fired; whilst the turning down of the screw at once places the gun in order for firing.

FOREIGN ICE.—Importations of entire cargoes of ice continue to take place from the north of Europe to an extraordinary extent. Some idea may be formed of their amount when we state that the importations from Norway alone, during the space of one month only, have exceeded 16,000 tons weight of the article, whereas the supplies of the last and previous year each amounted in all to about 1,000 tons only for a corresponding period.

FURTHER SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—It gives us great pleasure to know that the Admiralty have decided on renewing the search for Sir John Franklin and his party in the ensuing spring. This decision may be regarded as an official judgment on the propriety of Captain Austin's premature return. If the Admiralty were of opinion that Captain Austin's expedition had thoroughly covered the field of search, they would not send out a fresh expedition to do the work over again; and, on the other hand, if the work has not been done, it is quite clear that Captain Austin should have remained on the ground to do it. The Admiralty are well aware of the painful fact, that the duty which lay clear before the eyes of the expedition has been neglected; and we sincerely trust that the councils which are to deliberate next week on the plans of search will take precautions for securing the effective working of future expeditions. —*Athenæum*.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

1. OF BOOKS, &c.

CHARLES DICKENS is about to issue a new work. — It will be yet fresh in public recollection that the logic

of Archbishop Whately obtained the honour of insertion in the Italian "*Indes*," through the kind recommendation of the Irish "Consultor" of that *catalogue déraisonné*. The hon. member for Enniskillen has just received the same delicate attention from his late Roman acquaintance, and experiences the full value of having a friend at court (of Rome), as well as commanding the ear of the bench at home. Mr. Bentley, the publisher of his book, may congratulate himself on the new advertisement of "*Italy in the Nineteenth Century*," which will cost him nothing. It was placarded at the usual street corners of Rome on the 29th of September.

2. OF LITERARY MEN.

The literary men of New York have been holding a preliminary meeting for the purpose of adopting measures to pay proper regard to the memory of the late James Fenimore Cooper. — A book and printseller at Pesh has been arrested and sentenced to eight days' imprisonment for having in his possession portraits of revolutionary personages. Another bookseller is now under examination for a similar offence. — The following note from Louis Kossuth to Mr. Toulmin Smith is conclusive as to one fact: — "Southampton, October 24, 1851. — Dear Sir, — In reply to your note, I beg leave to assure you that the name of the *Baroness von Beck* is utterly unknown to me. There was a person named *Racidula* employed by my Government as a spy, whom I saw twice in my life, and gave special instructions to as a spy. That is all I know about her. — I am, Sir, with the highest regard, your obedient servant, L. Kossuth." — Colonel Jervis, of the Bombay Engineers, whose death was noticed in our obituary, had recently returned to Europe, after a long period of valuable service in India. He was highly esteemed both by the Government and native population, on account of his eminent attainments, and his zeal in the cause of education at Bombay. Colonel Jervis had translated several valuable works into the Marhatta and Hindostanee languages, and his name will be long remembered in connection with the advancement of human knowledge in India. — We learn by the *Court Circular* that the following honours have been given in connexion with the Great Industrial Exhibition. — Mr. Joseph Paxton, Mr. William Cubitt and Mr. Charles Fox, the designer, engineer, and contractor for the Crystal Palace, have been knighted, and the first-named gentleman has also received a vote of 5,000*l.* from the Royal Commission, out of the surplus fund, for his admirable design. Lieut.-Col. Reid, chairman of the Executive Committee, has received promotion in the Order of the Bath, and is now a Knight-Commander of that order. Mr. Henry Cole, Dr. Lyon Playfair, and Sir Stafford Henry Northcote — all three, civil servants of the Crown — have been made Companions of the Bath. Col. Mayne, chief commissioner of police, has been made a Knight-Commander of the Bath. — The *Morning Chronicle* has pointed out a ludicrous misprint in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* (p. 306). A writer has occasion to subscribe Dryden's celebrated portrait of a Country Parson, supposed to be a picture of Bishop Ken: —

A parish priest was of the pilgrim train;
An awful, revered, and religious man.
Of sixty years he seemed, and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast."

The last line of which is thus printed in the *Quarterly Review*: —

" . . . but that he lived too fast " ?

3. OF INSTITUTIONS, SOCIETIES, &c.

Mr. Thomas Ainsworth, of Cleator, has offered a scholarship, of 100*l.* to those students of Manchester New College who shall hereafter, in the University of London, obtain a gold medal. When we state that four gold medals may be obtained each year in the university, it will be perceived that Mr. Ainsworth's offer is one of no common liberality. — The Russian government, with the view of improving the moral condition of the Jews in the empire and in Poland, authorizes some of the best works in the literature of countries of Western Europe to be circulated amongst them. By special order of the Emperor, a translation into Hebrew of Fenelon's *Telemachus* has just been brought out, and great numbers of copies have already been sent to the Jews. This is the first time this work, though so popular in almost every part of the civilized world, has been rendered in Hebrew. — As an instance of the good resulting from the provincial meetings of the British Association, we may announce that the local committee of Ipswich has this week presented the renowned museum of that town with a donation of 130*l.*, being the balance in hand, after paying all expenses, of the local funds subscribed in July last, for the reception of this scientific body. Let us hope that the men of Belfast, in which town the Association is to meet next year, will do as much for their equally-renowned Natural History Society. — The Royal Institute of Sciences, Letters, and the Fine Arts of the Netherlands, took an extraordinary resolution in its general assembly at Amsterdam on the 18th inst. It adopted an address to the King, beseeching him to decree its dissolution. The ground of this strange application is, that the sum of 10,000 florins (about 800*l.*) annually allowed by the government is totally insufficient to meet even its ordinary expenses, and that it is therefore impossible to fulfil the important duties entrusted to it. For many years past the Institute has been soliciting the government for an increased allow-

ance, but, in spite of the promises of successive ministers, without success; and as this year the minister of the interior has refused to ask for more than the 10,000 florins from the Chambers, it has lost all hopes. — Many complaints, as might be expected, are heard, at home and abroad, of the awards connected with the prize competitions. One of the most conspicuous cases is that of the great medal for pianofortes. The Musical Jury had decided in favour of the Messrs. Broadwood, unanimously, one juror only out of ten being absent from the meeting when the award was finally made. The decision was reversed by the Council of Chairmen of Juries, to whom this power was reserved by the regulations, but in no other case of importance exercised. Against this decision a protest appears in the papers, signed by Sir Henry Bishop, Dr. Schaffhaüt, Chevalier Neukomm, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, Professor Cipriani Potter, and Sir George Smart. Appeal is made to Prince Albert and the Royal Commissioners. No remedy can now probably be applied; but the knowledge of this award, so opposed to ordinary principles of adjudication, may bring consolation to many who have less obvious grounds of dissatisfaction. — The late Dr. Wingard has left to the University of Upsal his library, consisting of upwards of 35,000 volumes, and his rich collections of coins and medals, and of Scandinavian antiquities. This is the fourth library bequeathed to the University of Upsal within the space of a year, adding to its bookshelves no fewer than 115,000 volumes. The entire number of volumes possessed by the University is said to be now 288,000, including 11,000 in manuscript.

LECTURE ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—A series of lectures has been commenced in Buckingham-street, Adelphi, on the English language and literature, composition, criticism, and elocution; subjects, though confessedly the most important, the most neglected. These lectures will prove highly serviceable to the tyro in literature, and interesting to such as possess any taste for intellectual pursuits and the pure enjoyments of philosophical study. Nay, a practical acquaintance with the nature of language and of mind is obviously indispensable to the attainment of eminence in every profession, and advantageous in every condition of life.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

DEATHS.

BAKER.—On the 11th October, in his 71st year, George Baker, Esq., of Northampton, author of the history of that county. **BORRELL.**—On the 2nd October, at Smyrna, Mr. H. T. Borrell, a well-known practical numismatist. He spent a long and honourable life in forming some valuable collections of Greek coins, and contributed descriptions of several indented coins to different antiquarian periodicals. He published also "A Memoir on the Coins of Cyprus." **CLIFFE.**—On the 7th October, at Clifton, near Bristol, in his 43rd year, Charles Frederick Cliffe, Esq., one of the proprietors of *The Gloucestershire Chronicle*. **GUTZLAFF.**—On the 9th August, at Hongkong, in his 48th year, Dr. Gutzlaff, the Chinese scholar and missionary. **LEE.**—Recently, at St. James's Palace, the Hon. Mrs. Lee, sister to the late Lord Byron, and whose name will ever be dear to the lovers of that poet's verse for the affecting manner in which it is therein enshrined. **RADFORD.**—On the 21st October, aged 70, Dr. John Radford, D.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Dr. Radford was a scholar, and a man of great mental capacity. He was a person of liberal and enlarged views in politics, and on the recent measures of, and agitation for, university reform, though he did not take any active part, he always inclined towards that party who are striving to enlarge the basis and extend the utility of our great national institutions.

HOW THE BUSHMEN OBTAIN OSTRICHES.—A favourable method adopted by the wild bushmen for approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game is to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich until within range, when, with a well-directed poisoned arrow from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. These insignificant looking arrows are about two feet six inches in length; they consist of a slender reed, with a sharp bone head, thoroughly poisoned with a composition, of which the principal ingredients are obtained sometimes from a succulent herb, having thick leaves, yielding a poisonous milky juice, and sometimes from the jaws of snakes. The bow rarely exceeds three feet in length; its string is of twisted sinews. When a bushman finds an ostrich's nest he ensconces himself in it, and there awaits the return of the old birds, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilised world. — *A Hunter's Life in South Africa*.

On seeing the Beaufort Arms Hotel at Chepstow; The Beaufort Arms Hotel at Tintern; The Beaufort Arms Hotel at Monmouth; and The Beaufort Arms Hotel at Ragland:

Stern Beaufort d'es, and makes no sign!
So Shakespeare wrote of that Divine;
But Beaufort now, of less stern stuff,
Has, surely, made us signs enough!

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET: SEPTEMBER, 1851.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

This Autumn morn is beautiful! The skies
(Blue but for scattered clouds of white and pink)—
Are mirror'd in the sea, whose surges rise
With a scarce visible motion, and then sink
With an unending music. Thick dew lies
Upon the grass and hedges, where each link
Of trailing bin-tweed fades; whilst crimson dyes
Tip hawthorn leaves, and tempting blackberries
Shine, juicy 'mid dry thorns. The Arum stands
Like a red sentinel amid the leaves
Of yellowing ferns; and in the fields, where sheaves
So lately gleamed, the furrows—black with bands
Of crows—look all alive. O fair September,
When cold snows fall, let me thy sunny morns remember!

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

The privilege of selling newspapers and books at the railway stations belonging to the South Western Railway Company has, it is stated, been leased to Messrs. Smith and Son, the newsagents of the Strand, for 1,000l. a year.

Books Wanted to Purchase.

[Persons having the following to dispose of, are requested to send particulars, with lowest price, to THE CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand. No charge is made for insertion in this List.]

Garthwaite's Evangelical History.
Marriage by Moral Law of God, a vindication of the Duke of Monmouth's claim of Succession. By William Lawrence, 4to. 1680.

The March Number, 1846, of Beck's Florist.

List of New Books.

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Arnold's *Philippic Orations of Demosthenes*, English Notes, 4s. cl.
Attaché (The); or, Sam Slick in England, new edit. 1 vol. 5s. cl.
Baines's (J.) *Tales of the Empire*, 18mo., 1s. 6d. cl.
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Burritt's (E.) *Peace Papers for the People*, 12mo. 1s. swd.
Butler's *Analogy of Religion*, new edit. with Introductory Essay by Rev. A. Barnes, f. 8vo. 1s. 6d. swd. 2s. cl.
Cécile; or, the Pervert, by the Author of "Rockingham," 10s. cl.
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